

Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

June 3, 1959

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The Australian

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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**Who's perfect? You? Your Boss?**

***Prizes for letters — see p. 7***

***The  
ringneck  
parrot,***

***See page 2***



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**6/11**

HM W1

## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JUNE 3, 1959

Vol. 26, No. 52

### Our cover

● The beautiful parrot on our cover is a *Barnardius barnardi*, commonly known as a ringneck parrot, mallee parakeet, or by the aboriginal name, buln buln. This photograph was taken by Mr. Norman Chaffer, of Roseville, N.S.W., at the property of Mr. Roy Wilkinson, Benetook, Victoria.

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## The Weekly Round

● Miss Jessie Fawsitt, B.O.A.C.'s women's travel adviser in Sydney, can never complain that she's nailed to her office desk.

SINCE she arrived from England 11 years ago, she has flown 150,000 miles, all for her job.

The last few thousand miles were added to her flight log when she recently took the wool fashions (pictured on page 11) on a world flight.

She's adding more hundreds of miles to the tally as she travels round Australia giving packing talks and demonstrations on her recent tour.

After Sydney (where she is appearing at David Jones' Elizabeth Street store twice daily—at 11.30 a.m. and 1.15 p.m.—until May 29), she goes to Finney Isles, Brisbane, June 8 to 12; David Jones, Newcastle, June 17, 18; David Jones, Perth, June 23 to 25; Charles Birks, Adelaide, July 6 to 10; and David Jones, Wagga, August 6, 7.

FROM Lyme Regis, in Dorset, England, arrived a book and a letter for staff member Cynthia Strachan.

The book was "They Made Cricket" and the letter was from its author, G. D. Martineau, who wrote to Cynthia:

"I have been interested in an article, 'That Test Fever,' you wrote for The Australian Women's Weekly of January 28. It occurred to me that you might in turn find interest in a small way in this trifling work of mine."

Cynthia has an entertaining cricket story of her own. Reporting a cricket match while working on the "Vancouver Sun," she was told by the editor to change her byline to "Cy Strachan."

The editor's reason: Too many people in Vancouver thought cricket was a sissy's game without having a woman writing about it.

"MY FAIR LADY" has had its third birthday, grossing more money in three years than any other musical comedy. On Broadway alone, where it is still playing, takings are more than £4,500,000.

It is expected to create a world record before the completion of its run throughout the world.

Our pictures on pages 8 and 9 show the Australian production stars, including Irish actress Buntly Turner, who plays Eliza Doolittle; English actor Robin Bailey as Henry Higgins; and Dick Walker in the role of Alfred Doolittle, which Stanley Holloway made famous in the original production.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 3, 1959



# Tulloch's fit to beat the field

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

● At the time a virus hit him last year, crack racehorse

Tulloch had won £67,000 in stake-money — beating even mighty Phar Lap's winnings—was first past the post in race after race, and was acclaimed the "champ" by everyone from strapper to punter.

**B**UT then the illness put the handsome four-year-old bay stallion right out of racing—and he's just about to make his comeback.

All being well, he will have his first race since autumn of last year in the Eagle Farm Winter Carnival beginning in Brisbane on June 13.

Racegoers wish him well, for he was a favorite with the punters—as so great a champion would have to be.

Before his illness Tulloch, who is owned by Mr. E. A. Haley, had carried off the A.J.C. Derby, Victoria Derby, and Caulfield Cup—and it seemed more victories lay ahead.

But illness nearly made it the last post—not the finishing post—for the champion, who went from the jockey's hands to the vet's.

As trainer Tommy Smith says: "Six months ago we thought he was just about finished. We got all the attention we could for him, wrote for advice to America and England. We never let up.

"I've been training horses for 16 years—must have had more than 600 in that time—and Tulloch's the best I've ever had.

"I didn't want to lose him. When he was sick someone stayed with him all through the night. He had all the best treatment and drugs. And he pulled through. Now he's heavier than he ever was."

## He's rearing to go

In fact, Tulloch's rearing to go. If Tommy Smith's plans to race him in Brisbane run smoothly, and if he strikes top form, the champion will probably visit America later in the year.

At present Tulloch's coat is shining, his eyes are clear, he's eating his food, and crunching six pounds of carrots a day.

"And he'd eat more if he was allowed," says 21-year-old strapper Lem Bann, who has looked after Tulloch since the horse first came to the Kensington stables.

"Tulloch—I call him Joey—really helped himself when he was sick. Some horses feel sorry for themselves, but Joey wouldn't give in. He wouldn't lie down to it.

"I used to stay with him until 11 o'clock at night. He was really sick. His ribs were sticking out. Well, look at him now."

Tulloch was out on the racetrack at Randwick—not running, but having his portrait painted.

English artist Mrs. Sylvia Macartney, who has already painted seven pictures of Tulloch, was busy with her eighth oil—commissioned by Tommy Smith for his home.

Strapper Bann was holding the horse, which is 15.3 hands high. "He's just a bit 'toey,'" said Bann. "He knows he's on the course. He doesn't want to stand still."

Mrs. Macartney's painting of Tulloch will be Tommy Smith's first "original."

"It's the image of him," said Mr. Smith. Tulloch's own home at the stables has his nameplate over the door.

"I had it put up," said Lem Bann, who also arranged for the word "Tulloch" to be embroidered in red on the champion's saddle-cloth.

"A lot of champs have this," Bann added. "I thought I'd have it done for my champ, too."

The champ's stable is number three. Not

far away, above number seven, is nailed another nameplate, "Shannon," another famous racehorse, once resident at the stables.

Each afternoon, as exercise time comes round, Tulloch is full of pep.

Bann's task of preparing him for the outing is made difficult.

Tulloch wrenches at Bann's shirt with his teeth, has to be pushed aside so that the strapper can groom him, put on the check "fly sheet," which is fringed to keep the flies away.

After this "valet service," Bann takes Tulloch out. Left behind in the stable is Tulloch's mate—a cat named "Turtle," who makes herself comfortable in the warm straw, and sleeps beneath Tulloch's food-bin.

Tulloch joins other racehorses for exercising. Occasionally he stops for a "pick" of grass.

Yes, Tulloch's back—and those who backed him before will soon have their chance again.



**TULLOCH**, a punter's dream-horse till illness removed him from the winning-list last year, is about to stage a comeback on Australian courses.

**TRAINER Tommy Smith and champion Tulloch pose as artist Sylvia Macartney works on her oil of the horse.**





# Dame Pattie as a "swaggie"



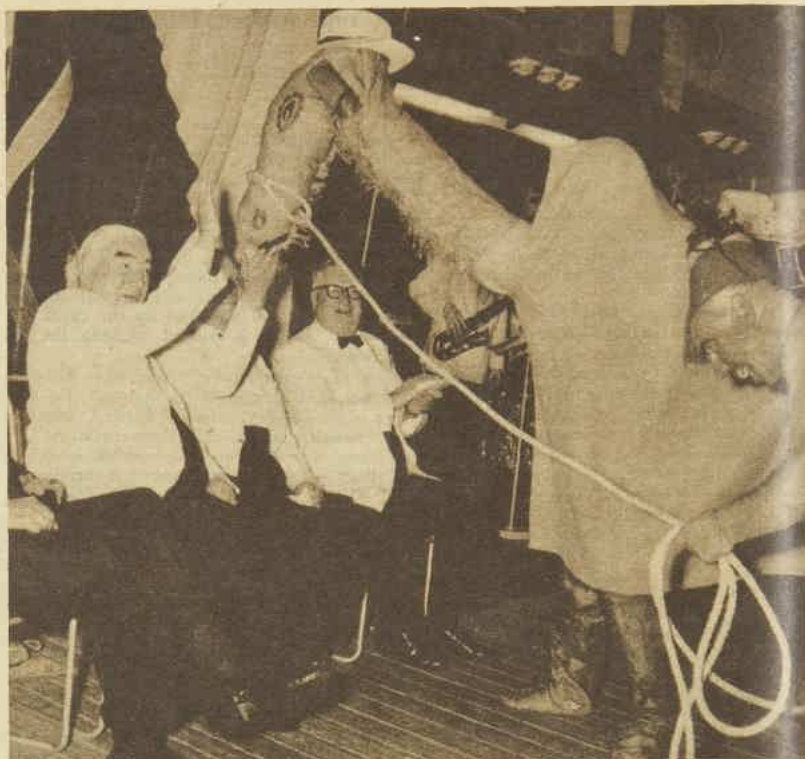
**SMOKO.** At the Orcades fancy-dress parade, Dame Pattie, as the "swaggie," has a smoke and a gossip with "wharfie" Mr. G. H. Fiedler, of Melbourne. He carried a "Appy 'Oliday Bob" sign, and was presented with the men's first prize by Mr. Menzies. Mr. Fiedler, who was on a round trip to America with his wife, is stock manager in his father's Melbourne firm of stock and station agents.

A CAMEL (right) is presented by its driver to the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, who looks amused but apprehensive as he is about to give it a pat on the nose.

● When a fancy-dress parade was held aboard Orcades between Honolulu and Vancouver, passengers noted the absence of Dame Pattie Menzies. The Prime Minister was there, joining in the laughter at the antics of an old swaggie—but no Dame Pattie. Then the "swaggie" won first prize. "He" was Dame Pattie!

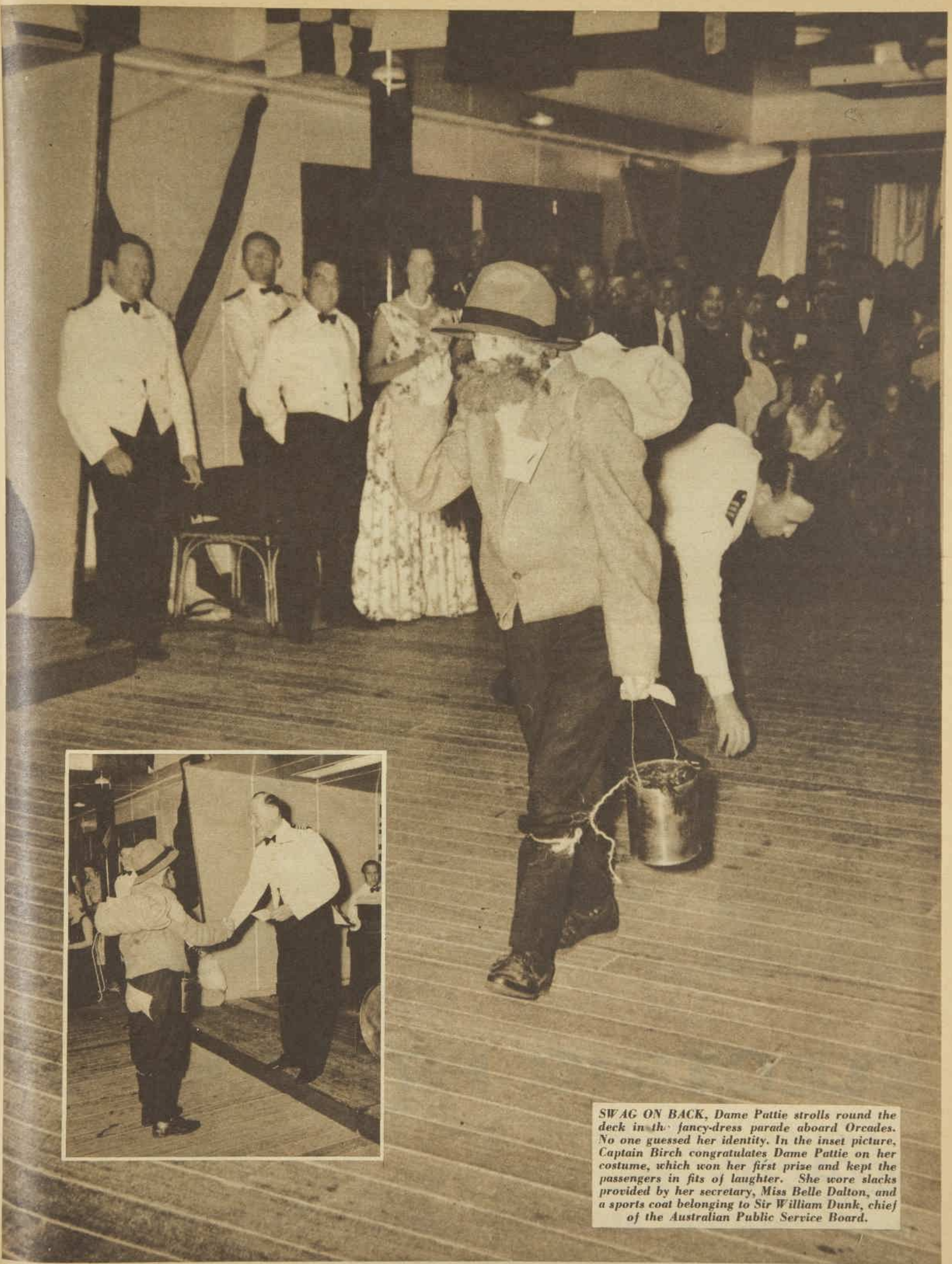


● DAME PATTIE



**THE JOLLY SWAGMAN**, alias Dame Pattie, sets down swag and billy, and rests in the middle of the deck. Dame Pattie said later: "No, Mr. Menzies didn't enter the contest. He just sat down with the captain and laughed and jeered with everyone else."





**SWAG ON BACK**, Dame Pattie strolls round the deck in the fancy-dress parade aboard Orcades. No one guessed her identity. In the inset picture, Captain Birch congratulates Dame Pattie on her costume, which won her first prize and kept the passengers in fits of laughter. She wore slacks provided by her secretary, Miss Belle Dalton, and a sports coat belonging to Sir William Dunk, chief of the Australian Public Service Board.



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# Who wears the halo?

## Is it the secretary?

● My boss is a man. And there you have the whole thing in, well, in a filing cabinet.

## ... Or is it the boss?

● In some ways my secretary is wonderful. In other ways she's absolutely diabolical.

SOMETIMES he's so helpless I feel positively motherly:

Occasionally he's such a monster I could scream.

But I don't — because he puts on what he fondly imagines to be his "little-boy" look, and I have to laugh (half-mirth, half-exasperation).

When a girl turns into the efficient machine that a man calls his secretary, she is expected to be a combination mother, hostess, stenographer, diary, watchdog, and jill-of-all trades.

I realised ages ago that I couldn't change my boss in a day. But he's improving.

And I don't want you to think he hasn't got his good points.

He pays me a generous salary, which I earn, and he's thoughtful, and doesn't mind if I take an hour off for shopping when there's a sale on or I MUST have my hair done.

And, as far as business goes, he's quite a tycoon and working for him is quite an honor, now I come to think of it. But, of course, there are snags . . .

I don't REALLY mind when he whistles through his teeth (always the same tune, if you could call it that). I've got to the stage when I practically join in the chorus.

It's all right with me when he comes back from a very good business lunch — exuding good fellowship with the whole world — and calls me "babe."

I didn't even mind (much) the time he deposited a six-page letter carefully on his ashtray. (A cigarette burned a hole right through it, and I had to type the whole thing again.)

Well, I mean that I understand he has Bigger Things on his mind.

I always have to type extra copies of important, incoming office memos and things like that, because he's terribly absent-minded.

He puts them away so safely that he can't remember where they are.

"I know I had it," he says, looking lost. "I don't suppose you remember what it said?"

"Here you are," I say, producing the copy.

This is a trick I learnt once after he'd rifled through MY files looking for a letter.

I couldn't find anything for weeks, and he kept gazing at me reproachfully and thinking it was my fault.

BUT — I wish he'd tell me how long he's going to be when he rushes out of the office.

It could be five minutes . . . or three hours.

My mind-reading's getting better, but it isn't perfect yet.

But these are minor things. I like being a secretary. It's a challenge to a girl's ingenuity.

— A SECRETARY

● Who is perfect? The boss? Or the secretary? According to these views by a boss and a secretary, they're both pretty wonderful people, but each has some irritating habits, which at times send the other screaming up the wall! Write and tell us — in not more than 200 words — about the shortcomings of YOUR boss or YOUR secretary. June 10 is the closing date for entries, which should be addressed to "Secretary Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. The best entries from a boss and a secretary will each win £20. Other entries published will each be awarded £2/2/-. Letters must be signed, but please give a nom-de-plume for publication.



BUT if you want my composite opinion I'd say I couldn't run my business without her.

She's one of those extraordinary people who never forget a date, an appointment, a phone call, or a funeral.

If I was one of the passengers on the first rocket flight to Venus she'd leave me a memo so that I wouldn't forget and advise me to take my raincoat and my nasal drops.

She is an artist in her own right the way she handles callers, and seems to know instinctively whether I want to talk to Sam Jones or lunch with Bill Perkins.

One look at me first thing in the morning and she can tell whether I'm in a good mood or an impossible mood, whether I have a hangover, whether I'm suffering the nostalgia which comes over me in autumn when I'm sure I should have been a bachelor beachcomber somewhere east of Tahiti.

She has a plain, tunny face, lovely hands, a figure you look at twice, and her clothes have a smart simplicity about them — clothes I like.

She also has a heart of platinum — or should it be plutonium these days — and a will of high-grade steel.

But sometimes she nearly drives me nuts.

She has shocking patches when she types every l, s, u, and e in the wrong place, and gives words capitals which the Good Lord never intended them to have.

These patches are nearly always traceable to boyfriend trouble, which proves a theory of mine that men are indirectly responsible for the loss of about 1,000,000 man-hours in industry each year.

She knows exactly where everything is — I'll give her that — but to me her filing system is about as clear as script written by a semi-illiterate Chinese.

But it's her precise tidiness which makes me reach sometimes for a heavy paperweight.

I'll come back after lunch and every damned thing has been put away, so that I can't remember whether I was dealing with the price of pink tiles or with sanitary fittings.

I like an untidy desk. She doesn't.

As this sort of thing doesn't happen all the time, I have a suspicion it's her way of slapping me — just as a mother will slap a child to teach it a lesson.

I could go on, but I've told you enough — except this:

She loves me with platonic indulgence and despises me as only the female can despise the male who is plasticine in her hands.

— A BOSS

**NEXT WEEK**  
**TWO PAPERS IN ONE!**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents  
**Teenagers** WEEKLY



The Australian  
**WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

**TEENAGERS!** Next week we publish the first issue of Teenagers' Weekly — a magazine within a magazine. It will have 16 pages — four of them in color.

Every week Teenagers' Weekly will cover all your interests — beauty, fashion, patterns, record reviews, contests.

As well, special features in next week's issue include:

- Forty ways to get a date.
- Party Ice-breakers — a fascinating new contest with more than £600 worth of wonderful prizes.

Memo to teenagers: Write us letters — on any subject you think interesting. We'll pay for them, publish your snapshot, too. But please note we can't return any snapshots.

And in the main paper

## Anyone can be a collector

- Yes, you can be a collector — and you'll find it a fascinating new hobby.

An eight-page pull-out supplement in The Australian Women's Weekly next week gives expert advice on what to look for when buying secondhand furniture, old silver, copper, pewter.

Keep our eight-page supplement. It's illustrated with brilliant color pictures.

## Free Lift-out Cook Book

A delightful color-illustrated 16-page cook book in our next issue has more than 50 recipes for main dishes, cakes, desserts, all using Nestle's products.

## Dressmaker to lecture

We are arranging for Lucille Rivers, America's leading expert on home-dressmaking, to lecture in every Australian capital. All the details next week.



*In Mexico, Melbourne, and Moscow*

# They love "My Fair Lady"

- "My Fair Lady," the record-smashing musical, goes on from success to success.

It's already been playing to capacity audiences in America, Britain, Sweden, Mexico, and Australia. And now it's heading for Moscow—following an invitation from the Russian Government. These pictures are from the Melbourne production.



AN ATROCIOUS WAIL comes from Eliza Doolittle as she is bumped over by opera-goers Freddy Eynsford-Hill and his mother outside Covent Garden Opera House.

SELLING FLOWERS to the elegantly dressed crowd emerging from the Covent Garden Opera House is Eliza Doolittle (played by 22-year-old Bunty Turner).



- When an English version of "My Fair Lady" opens in Moscow, the show won't be completely foreign to Russians, as long-playing records have been in circulation for a couple of years.

SAM LIFF, who has produced all the English-language versions of the musical and who recently returned to America after setting the Melbourne production on its way, hopes he will handle the Russian staging.

"It all happened so suddenly that we're not even sure when it will be," said Mr. Liff. "It could be in September, or we might have to wait till 1960. But whenever it is, I want to be there."

Moves for the Russian staging began during the recent visit to America of Nikolai Danilov, the Soviet Deputy Minister of Culture.

Asked by a reporter whether Russians would understand it, Mr. Danilov countered: "Do you think we are peasants?"

He said he was sure Russian audiences would not object to

the theme of "My Fair Lady," even though it deals with the allegedly "decadent" upper classes of England.

Mr. Danilov's invitation came a few days after a newspaper report from Moscow that a Russian intended to produce a "pirated" unauthorized version of the musical.

Meanwhile in Melbourne "My Fair Lady" is the toast, talk, and triumph of the town.

Bookings pour in from New Zealand and all parts of Australia. Special trains are being run from New South Wales transporting 132 passengers at a time to see it.

The first trip was booked out in ten minutes.

Three more trips have been arranged, which include "best seat" tickets for the show.

Special buses come from Victorian country towns and from Adelaide, and special planes from Tasmania. Never before has any show in Australia warranted such services.



**ELEGANT** Eliza Doolittle, transformed from the cockney girl, makes her entrance at the Embassy Ball. Prof. Henry Higgins proudly welcomes his protegee.



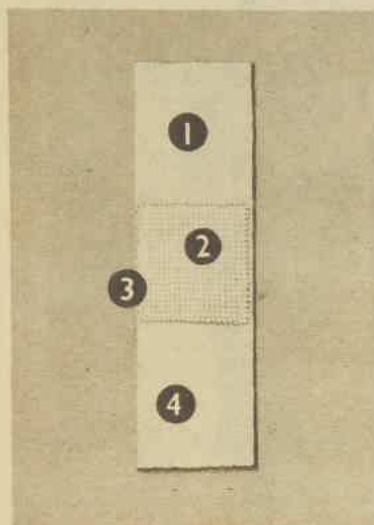
**"HOW KIND OF YOU** to let me come," Eliza Doolittle enunciates painstakingly when she is given her first trial after her transformation from a flower girl. She is meeting Prof. Higgins' mother at Ascot. From left: Eliza, Colonel Pickering, Freddy Eynsford-Hill, Mrs. Higgins, Prof. Higgins.



**"I'M GETTING MARRIED** in the morning!" Alfred Doolittle tells his daughter Eliza when she meets him at Covent Garden. This is the morning after her triumph at the Embassy Ball. These color pictures from the Melbourne production were taken by staff photographer Laurie Kimber.

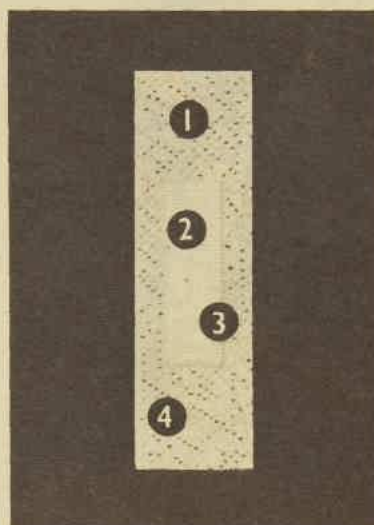


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## It seems to me

THESE contests for catching tagged fish are introducing a new element into a formerly peaceful pursuit.

Consider the awful dilemma of Mrs. Gwen Thornton when she caught that tagged bream at the contest at Yamba, New South Wales.

Not knowing whether it was worth a tanner or £15,000, she bravely refused a bookmaker's offer of £1000.

The organisers softened her eventual disappointment by raising the £10 prize to £100, but it's awful to think of the sleepless night that must have followed (or preceded) the refusal of the £1000.

That sort of thing never used to complicate amateur fishing.

The only time I remember fishing interfering with my sleep was when I had tried—and failed—to sort out a tangled line by the light of a kerosene lamp.

If there had been no witnesses to this dismal affair I would simply have chopped off 40 yards of line and thrown it into the garbage can.

But if you know anything about fishermen you will know that it is absolutely impossible not to say "Let me try" when someone else is sitting quietly scrabbling at a backlash.

AT the same fishing contest there were rumors that some competitors — seeking the prize for the biggest catch — tried to ring in deep-frozen fish.

Fishing has never been noted for absolute honesty.

A little exaggeration here and there has always been regarded as right and proper.

But large prizes increase temptation. They could lead to ill-feeling of a violent kind.

If it becomes necessary to pack a gun along with the fishing tackle, the ladies had better leave fishing exclusively to the boys.

ITEM for anyone who cares. I have been trying out a new racing system (new to me, I mean). It is No Good.

IN response to the customary joke—"Forecast fine so I brought an umbrella"—I usually defend the Sydney weather boys, asserting that their prophecies are good enough to dress by.

Last week they let me down rather badly when I hung a pair of curtains on the line, trusting implicitly that the morning showers would clear to fine as promised.

They have a difficult job, so here's a suggestion:

Why not qualify the forecasts with a comment in brackets such as: "Dead cert.," "Ten to one," or "Fingers crossed."



NOMINATED as a term, we're all going to tire of pretty quickly—"package."

Lately in the form of "package plan" it had a real bash in accounts of the Big Four Foreign Ministers' Conference.

It was a logical enough description of the West's four proposals. And of course it lent itself beautifully to embroidery. One headline, "Reds want package untied," was a good example.

Sometimes the thought grew a bit confused.

Example: When Mr. Khrushchev said it was necessary to consider the questions separately and not to tie them together into one large knot—and remarked later that the package plan left him "with a bitter taste."

It is sad to think that somebody, fond of the term "package plan," probably waited all through the conference in the hope of being able to say, "Well, that just about wraps it up."

ADVERTISED in a recent issue of the "New Yorker," a "Duo Player Piano," described as "two-in-one, this newest of pianos."

It is of course our old friend the pianola, tricked up in contemporary styling, and pictured with two glamor girls.

A Sydney music store sells about one a month these days. In the 'twenties and 'thirties, heyday of the pianola, one shop sold 25 on a Saturday morning.

A CORRESPONDENT comments on a recent paragraph about superstition.

She disagrees with my statement that shoes on a table mean ordinary bad luck.

"Early in life," she writes, "I had it drummed into me by an old Scotswoman that shoes on the table meant no marriage within seven years."

My correspondent adds cynically: "Whether that proves to be good or bad luck varies according to the prospects offering."

I bought a plastic bucket  
On Saturday, I did.  
Designed for kitchen garbage,  
A yellow one, with lid.

I gaze on it with rapture,  
It's soothing to the eye.  
The pleasure that it gives me  
Is hard to classify.

I wash it every morning  
With tender, loving care.  
Such passion time erases,  
Of that I'm well aware.

I'll grow accustomed to it,  
And won't see it any more.  
So sad to think the garbage  
Will again be just a bore.



# WOOL WINGS ITS WAY ROUND THE WORLD

## SINGAPORE



**SHEEREST WOOL** print frock with permanently pleated skirt was worn by Singapore model Kisane Davis in 120-degree temperature.

## BANGKOK



**AT WAT PO**, Temple of the Reclining Buddha, Vilaivan Vatanapanich, Thailand's leading film star, wore this vivid sheer wool frock. It weighs only 15oz.

## BEIRUT



**LEBANESE MODEL** Yolla Awad pictured against the famous ruins of the Temple of Jupiter, near Beirut, in a printed lightweight-wool sheath dress.

## PARIS



**ON THE CHAMPS-ELYSEES**, Yolande Magny is chic in a double-knit jersey sheath dress and a small white wool hand-crocheted hat.

**THE** round-the-clock and round-the-world versatility of wool fashions was recently displayed by Miss Jessie Fawsitt, B.O.A.C.'s women's travel adviser in Sydney. Packing an all-wool wardrobe weighing only 32lb. 9oz., she made a global fashion tour with clothes selected from David Jones Ltd. to suit every kind of climate and occasion. These pictures were taken at important ports of call, when leading models posed in the various outfits.

## NEW YORK



## LONDON



**BLEACHED** beige topcoat lined in red and looped wool hat protected Helen Conner from cold winds. **ROBIN-RED**, non-sag, double-knit frock with matching jacket was worn by New Yorker Joan Marino.



## SAN FRANCISCO

**ON THE WATERFRONT** at Fisherman's Wharf, Sylvia Mears wore a blue paisley wool blouse and beige permanently pleated wool skirt, which didn't crease despite the packing.



## HONOLULU

**KNITTED SWIMSUIT**—weighing 10oz.—with built-in bra was the item from the all-wool Australian wardrobe which delighted American model Joanna Rodgers, pictured at Waikiki.





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### WHAT IT IS

LARSON'S S.M.D. is a special diet invented in Sweden, the country with a healthy way of life. It is a palatable, granular preparation which combines with milk to form the bulk your system requires. A fortified food, it discourages appetite without underfeeding. It has swept America, England, Europe and South Africa.

### No Underfeeding

LARSON'S S.M.D. reduces your caloric intake yet is so nourishing you never get that weak, starved feeling. By taking it 3 days a week, instead of ordinary food, you lose pounds and inches . . . pleasantly, easily, safely.

### How to use it

Take a teaspoon of S.M.D. granules with a glass of milk 4 times a day, only 3 days a week! Monday, Wednesday, Friday, diet the Swedish way—Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday, eat usual meals!

### Vitamins for Health

LARSON'S S.M.D. is a healthy, wholesome food supplement with an enriched formula. It contains Vitamins as well as the protein, carbohydrates, glucose, minerals and phosphates the body needs when reducing. Be so fit and energetic on slimming days!



### You enjoy life

No monotonous dieting with LARSON'S S.M.D. You only take it 3 days a week. But as you lose weight, how much better you look and feel! Think of the more youthful, attractive clothes you can wear!

### Men too!

Overweight men can reduce with it just as pleasantly!

### Saves money!

It costs less than the food you would otherwise eat on diet days! You save while slimming!

### Quick results!

If you are in normal health and follow the diet faithfully you should reduce the very first week. Get LARSON'S S.M.D. from your Chemist or department store today.

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SWEDISH  
MILK  
DIET



SURGEON William Cleland (right) and (left) during the operation on a child in Russia. Mr. Cleland (centre) is assisted by Professor Colesnikov and a theatre sister.



## Doctor who won a Russian heart

• South Australia added another name to its list of internationally famed doctors and scientists recently when a British surgical team performed a life-saving heart operation on a Russian child in Moscow.

WORLDWIDE publicity was given to the role played in this operation by Adelaide-born Mr. William Cleland, the team's senior surgeon.

The child, Ira Belekova, aged 12, is the daughter of a Communist Party official.

Like such other famous doctors and scientists as Sir Marcus Oliphant, Sir Howard Florey, and Sir Hugh Cairns, Mr. Cleland is a graduate of Adelaide University.

He now lives permanently in England, and is one of the leading thoracic (heart-lung) surgeons in the world.

### Many scientists

Back in Australia Mr. Cleland's family recalled his strong background of medicine and science.

His grandfather was a doctor, and his father, Dr. J. B. Cleland, was Professor of Pathology at Adelaide University for 29 years until his retirement 11 years ago.

His mother, the late Mrs. Dora Cleland, daughter of the Reverend Dr. David Paton, was a Bachelor of Science.

Three of his sisters graduated in science at Adelaide University, and the fourth, a doctor, is now the wife of Dr. John Horan, of Melbourne.

Joan Cleland, now Mrs. E. N. Paton and the mother of three young children, is a part-time lecturer in biochemistry at the University.

"It's rather a family joke, all the degrees we have," Professor Cleland told me.

"William quite naturally went in for medicine after he left Scotch College.

"At the University you wouldn't have called him a brilliant student, just slightly above average.

"Of course, he had to attend my lectures, and I used to say with a smile that I always de-

ducted five per cent. from his marks because he was my son."

Shortly before World War II, the young Adelaide doctor worked his way to England—as a surgeon on a ship—to seek higher qualifications.

"There was a group of about six of us doing postgraduate work together in London at the time," an Adelaide doctor told me.

By  
**NONI ROWLAND,**  
staff reporter

"Every Friday evening we used to meet in a pub for a few beers, and it was during these pleasant interludes that we tried to convince Bill Cleland that thoracic surgery held the greatest future."

Eventually Dr. Cleland became a member of the Royal College of Physicians, and later a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.

"He really came in on the flood tide of thoracic surgery," said his father.

"It must be his mother's neatness coming out in him when he does these difficult heart and lung operations."

It was during World War II that the youthful Australian

was asked to contribute an article on thoracic surgery for translation into Russian.

"That may have been one of the reasons why William was chosen to go with the British medical team to Russia," said Professor Cleland.

The various branches of the Cleland family—in the medical, legal, and wine-and-spirit business—are well known in South Australia.

Professor Cleland's grandfather, who was a missionary in China, came to Adelaide in the 1850s.

His sister married Sir Samuel Davenport, who planted the first olive groves in the State.

### Wine-making

"When my father left school he studied wine-making under Dr. Kelly, at Tintara," said Professor Cleland. "Later he studied medicine at Edinburgh."

Now 80, Professor Cleland is consulting specialist to the Repatriation Hospital, Springbank, and does pathological work for the Queen Victoria Maternity Hospital, is deputy-chairman of the Aborigines' Protection Board, and chairman of the Commissioners of the National Park and Wild Life Reserves.



THE SURGEON'S FATHER, Dr. J. B. Cleland, was Professor of Pathology at Adelaide University for 29 years till he retired 11 years ago. His brilliant son is one of a family with an impressive record.



# OUR WOOL PARADES OPEN



**BRILLIANT** tableau at the opening of our International Wool Parades at David Jones Ltd., Sydney. From left, Natha, Marsia, Diana, Carol, Margo, Pam. Natha, Marsia, and Carol are our international models; the other three are leading Sydney mannequins.



**MARGO** in *Blanchette*, a simple white sheer wool sleeveless dress, worn with an Imperial Scurlet coat and matching banded straw hat.

**MARZIA**, from Italy, wears "Turin," by Carosa, of Rome, green-and-white checked wool with a wide leather belt in matching green.



**NATHA**, from New York, wears American sports clothes superbly. Harlequin checked wool tweed Bermuda shorts are teamed with a bulky white sweater.



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In 9 radiant shades. 16/3  
Refills . . . 10/3

The one compact make-up that won't cake . . . streak . . . or turn orange-y!



# SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**THE** Archbishop-elect of Sydney, Very Rev. Hugh Gough, arrives this week with wife and daughter Lucy. But Lucy won't be here for very long—she's returning to England at the end of the year to be married.

Her fiancé, who is in his thirties, is Mervyn Temple-Richards, an old Eltonian. He served in the Navy during the war, and is now a stockbroker.

Family friends are hoping that Mrs. Gough will be able to return with Lucy for the wedding, which is expected to take place in London between Christmas and the New Year.

Mervyn filled his fiancée's cabin with flowers on the day she sailed for Australia with her parents. By the way, I hear that Lucy's pooch, Figaro, slept most nights of the voyage in her cabin.

**THE** Shore Old Boys are having their annual dance on Friday, May 29, at the Trocadero. Guest of honor will be the new headmaster, Mr. B. H. Travers, and his wife. This will be their first Old Boys' dance for some years, so the committee is planning a special welcome for the new "Chief" . . . even the decorations will feature Red Indian headbands with tribal feathers.

**ARTIST** Bill Dobell made the first art purchase he could remember since buying a Donald Friend painting many years ago when he opened the exhibition of sculpture and paintings by Melbourne artist John Percival.

"It's just what I want as a color theme to contrast with the white walls of my new studio at King's Cross," he said, rapidly claiming No. 13 in the catalogue—a lively piece of ceramic sculpture called the "Cello Player."

**I**LL buy myself five streamers and be on the wharf calling "bon voyage" on May 29—that's when five lucky girls are sailing on board Lakemba for a working holiday in Canada. The girls are Susan Lanex, Barbara Pope, Joan Quine, Joan Marshall, and Nita Mewburn.



**HEAR** that Queensland lass Sally Mansfield has chosen June 3 for her wedding to Owen Croft—he's the eldest son of Sir Bernard and Lady Croft, of "Salisbury Court," Uralla. They'll be married in Brisbane, and after a honeymoon up north will live on the Crofts' property.

**LOVED**—just loved—Noreen Beck's enormous sapphire-and-diamond engagement ring—it's the gift of her fiancé, Edgerton Riddle, of Lismore. Norrie's the youngest daughter of Mrs. C. D. Beck, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Mr. Beck, and she's planning an August wedding.

**CABLES** have been flying back and forth between the Wareham family, of Balgowlah, and their second daughter, Margaret, in Montreal, Canada, who will marry Arthur MacPherson in Montreal on June 6. Arthur comes from Prince Edward Island—remember "Anne of Green Gables"?—and he met Margaret a year or so ago when she arrived in Canada after two years' working holiday in England and Europe. And for her wedding Margaret will wear the veil her sister Judith wore a few months ago when she married Terry Lyons in Sydney.

Anne



**YOUNG ART LOVERS** (from left) Sarah Grahame, Ann Lynch, Stephen Gretton, and Luciana Arrighi at John Percival's painting and sculpture exhibition at Terry Clune's Galleries. Luciana wore scarlet Bermuda socks with her tweed skirt and bulky jumper.



**NEWLYWEDS** Mr. and Mrs. Barry Westerholm, who were married at St. Philip's, Church Hill. The bride was formerly Joan Berckleman, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alec Berckleman, of Broadwater and Mosman.

**AT RIGHT:** Mr. and Mrs. John Lloyd leave St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Margaret Rawle, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ken Rawle, of Orange.



**AMATEUR JOCKEYS** Don Macanah (left), of Deepwater, Bill Irwin, of Glen Innes, and Bob Mackay, of Warialda (far right), talking to Sally Irwin, of Glen Innes, and Pru Wilson, of Gore, Qld., at the Picnic Races held in Warwick, Qld.

**ON BOARD ORSOVA** at a party to aid the children's Medical Research Foundation are (from left) Mrs. Kerry Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Graeme Gordon, and Dr. and Mrs. Wallace Grigor.



# Superbly coated for winter glamor

*THESE* five trend-setting coats show the combination of beautiful fabrics and superb design. The coats also illustrate the appeal of luxury fur and the glamor it brings to this season's fashion. There is a preference for all shades of green, for apricot and coral pinks, and for acid-yellow. New in the evening scene is a day-length theatre coat with a wrapped silhouette. Looking towards spring, the coat is seen in taffeta and is prettily bow-trimmed—**BETTY KEEP.**



**BOW'S RUN RIOT** in the Lanvin Castillo spring collection. Here they trim the important sleeves of a street-length theatre coat—made in pure silk taffeta. Its color, glowing apricot-pink, is at the height of fashion.

**SCISSOR-LINE FRONT** and semi-fitted back are combined in this interesting ensemble from the Maison Dior. The enormous below-hemline stole is of matching fabric, while the exotic high-rising turban is in seal-skin.





**LUXURY - PLUS** is seen in this wonderful mink coat from the Maison Dior. The chiffon motoring veil covers a small coarse-straw hat, and is swathed prettily round the neckline of the dress.



**BLOND TWEED** with a luxurious long-haired fur trim is chosen for this coat. The basin-shaped turban is in matching fur. The coat wraps snugly round and has no buttons.

**MOHAIR WOOL COAT** in traffic-light-green is from the Italian fashion house of Fabiani. The coat, with its perfect classic lines, is fastened below waist-level with a single button.

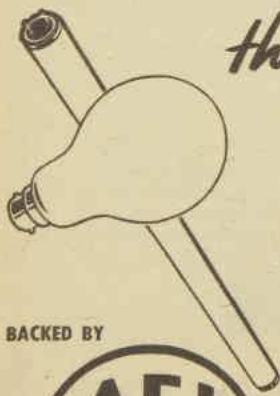


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(Please use BLOCK LETTERS)

W.W.

# WORTH REPORTING

WE'VE just been reading about one rather unromantic facet of the recent Japanese royal wedding.

Before Crown Prince Akihito married flour miller's daughter Michiko Shoda, pretty Michiko had a lot of study to do, as befits a future Empress of Japan.

She even had to swot up the reasons for divorce which would allow Akihito to banish her at a moment's notice.

Like the beautiful Soraya of Persia, Michiko faces divorce if she fails to present the Imperial family with an heir to the throne.

She must also obey her parents - in - law unconditionally, and she must never indulge in frivolous behaviour, jealousy, gossiping, or thieving.



MICHIKO can enjoy right royal comforts . . . but not a good gossip.

GOURMETS all, 32 Americans went on a restaurant tour of London recently.

The leader of their expedition was Mr. I. Unger.

## The pastrycook and the King

A RETIRED pastrycook, now 82 years of age, vividly remembers two weeks of his youth when he cooked for the late King Edward VII.

He is Mr. Constants Diserens, a Swiss, who came to Australia more than 50 years ago. He still cooks, but only for special family occasions — the last was a grandson's wedding.

"I was working as a pastrycook in my uncle's business in Oxford when I was only 20 years old, and I was co-opted by the Irish railways for a fortnight. King Edward was going to Ireland to look at some castle he was thinking of buying, and was staying at a railways' hotel.

"I've still got one of the menus we cooked. The centrepiece I made for the table was a model of the first battleship, Dreadnought."

Mr. Diserens, who was born in Lausanne, came to Australia by chance. He had been thinking of going to New York, so went to London from Oxford to book his passage.

When he arrived at the shipping company he saw Australia on the map, and on an impulse asked how much was the fare.

"Do you know, I had a nice cabin for £16," he said. "Those were the days."

"And when I first began my business here you could buy almonds from Spain for 1/- a lb. Now you sometimes pay 7/6 for them."



SHOE SHAPE! From left are the rounded toes of 1943 . . . pinpoints of 1955-59 . . . and the "spoon" shape of shoes to come.

## A foot note: all about "spoons"

FEELING just a little like Cinderella, we took a look at some of the latest shoe styles the other day.

But there weren't any glass slippers (they wouldn't be very practical, anyway).

As you know if you pore over the fashion glossies, the newest thing in the footwear world is the "spoon" toe.

Like the present "needle-point" toe, space is taken off the sides and added to the toes, but they're ROUNDED.

We were wincing slightly at the thought of more expense — Keeping Up With Fashion, you know—but Mr. Charles Humphrey, managing director of a well-known shoe company, comforted us.

He says the evolution from needles to spoons will be gradual.

He even took us on a quick trip through shoe history.

If you force your mind back to 1943, you'll recall the good solid shoes of that time, with their round, "walled" toes.

By 1948 the toe was slimmer and longer. This trend continued till the revolution of 1955-59, when our toes went all pointed.

Now, according to the sprightly Mr. Humphrey, who's just back from his twenty-second world tour, the trend is reversing itself.

So there you are. The 1943 styles might be very chic in about 1971.

Better begin looking round in those old clothes trunks in the attic.

## Of hats and duchesses

JUST back home in Sydney after three years in London, Toni Davison has worked for some of the most famous milliners in the world.

While she was with Simone Vernier, Toni made a hat for the Duchess of Kent . . . "Swathed white and navy organza. She wore it to Wimbledon."

"The Duchess was a regular customer."

Toni has a great admiration for Parisian milliners.

"Their work is completely different," she told us.

"They seem to work more with their hands. Here you're taught how to do it; the French seem to KNOW. They are the milliners."

## For Fanny, no limelight

FANNY MARLAY, a blue-rinsed and quick-tongued 91-year-old, has a very special place in the ranks of women journalists.

In her time she has worked on most leading Sydney newspapers. And she says, rather sadly, "I've outlived at least three editors."

We met Fanny Marlay (Mrs. A. H. T. Beebe) not long after her 91st birthday, and, for an afternoon, heard her stories of Sydney's yesterday and of celebrities she'd met and interviewed.

She says of herself: "It wasn't my brains that counted. It was just I knew how to treat people in society, and I knew who should head the guest lists in the social pages."

Miss Marlay came to Sydney round the turn of the century after a varied musical career in Toowoomba, Queensland. She played the leading roles in every Gilbert and Sullivan opera produced by local amateur groups.

Now she is the representative for a firm of Sydney photographers.

She's always had stamina. "It was nothing for me to cover three dances in one night. Of course, I had to travel by tram, but I always wore evening dress."

"I'd go first to Paddington Town Hall, then to the old Sargents, then to the Wentworth Hotel, and finally back to the office to write my copy."



JOURNALIST Fanny Marlay . . . she's outlived three editors, and she is still going strong.

"These girl reporters of today just don't know they're alive," she remarked, looking at us severely.

Then, as we said goodbye, there was still the ring of authority in her voice as she said: "Don't you write too much about me—I never cared for publicity."

A FRIEND of ours was supposed to be going to India on a business trip. But he had problems.

He went to India last year, about this time, and the weather was "shocking. Terribly, terribly hot. Humid. Sticky."

So he rang an acquaintance in Bombay. "What's the weather like?" he asked. "Hot," reported the acquaintance.

Our friend put off his trip till December.





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Grandmother's favourite cold cure is a charming memory of the horse and buggy days BUT, in a modern age, the expert is the man you go to. The Family Chemist. No trial and error, no cabinet filled with useless "medicines", no unnecessary expense! Most important of all, no protracted colds, persistent coughs; no endless sniffing and painful headaches. You get your relief quickly — as efficiently as modern chemistry knows how — which means very efficiently these days!

Remember! A wise move, at the first sneeze, is a quick visit to your Family Chemist. The protection his knowledge gives you costs not a penny more.

ask your Family Chemist  
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**COUGH MIXTURES**

There is a specific remedy for throat or chest coughs, for each age group. Which is best, and how and when do you take it? Ask your Family Chemist ... he knows.



**INFRA-RED LAMPS AND HOT WATER BOTTLES**

Your Family Chemist carries a complete range of hot water bottles, in all sizes and prices. He has Infra-Red Lamps, both for sale and hire, and will gladly advise you on their correct use.

**CHEST AND THROAT RUBS**

Careful! The rub you use may be too strong, with far too much heating power, to use on children. Conversely, the rub for your children may be ineffective for adult use.



**WINTER TONICS**

There is a specific tonic for each age group—designed for a dual purpose: to build up resistance and to combat colds. Which tonic do you need? Ask your Family Chemist ... he knows.



**VITAMIN PRODUCTS**

Capsules or tablets? Which strength for the children? What is the correct dosage level? Prophylactic or therapeutic? Ask your Family Chemist ...

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FG3



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that's a Beauty soap, too!



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WHICH ACTUALLY  
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BLEMISHES**

BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP  
NOW FROM CHEMISTS  
GROCERS AND STORES

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

## FOR TEENAGERS

# Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"WOULD you tell me, please, is it wrong to be thinking of boys at my age? I am only 14. Of course, I wouldn't go out with boys except to a school dance, but whenever I mention boys in Mum's presence, she tells me I shouldn't even be thinking about them. Is Mum right?"

"Anxious To Know," N.S.W.

For once I don't think Mum is right. I think you are perfectly normal to be thinking of boys now. I think it would be queer if you weren't. But thinking is one thing, going out with boys is another. You must do what your mother says when it comes to this. She will know what is best for you.

"I AM 14 and would like you to tell me whether I am too young to know the facts of life, as I feel uneasy when all the girls at school start talking about things I am not sure of. When they ask me something I don't know I feel embarrassed. My mother told me minor things when I was about 11, but it doesn't seem as though I'll ever be told anything about adulthood, and have to find out by myself. If you think I am old enough, I might have the courage to ask my mother straight out."

B.B., South Australia.

You are quite old enough to know the facts of life. Ask your mother first of all, and if she seems shy about it, ask her to recommend a book that you can read yourself. If she doesn't know one she could write to me. You should explain to her about the girls at school telling you things and discussing matters you don't understand. I'm sure she'll agree with me that it is time you were told all the facts.

"I AM a girl of 17, and I like a boy 15, and I think he likes me. I have been out with him, and thoroughly enjoy myself. We have good times together. Do you think it is right to go out with him, as he is much younger than myself?"

"Unhappy," N.S.W.

Two years' difference in age isn't here or there between men and women, but a boy of 15 seems rather young for a girl of 17. That sounds very silly and contradictory I know, but generally boys of 15 are babes-in-arms compared to girls of 17. Obviously you enjoy each other's company, so the difference in your ages doesn't matter. There is certainly nothing wrong in going out with him.

"I HAVE been going steady with a boy for four weeks, seeing him only on Saturday nights. He is 18 and I am only 14. I like him very much, but have not enough courage to tell him how old I am, and that I still go to school. Do you think I should give up seeing him, or tell him the truth and see what happens? He has told me that he is very fond of me, and he would like to go around with me."

"Puzzled," N.S.W.

You should tell him your age, and you should stop going out with him or any other boy.

"A CONSTANT embarrassment to me is the smudge of darkish hair on my upper lip. I have olive coloring and it is not out-

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith.

standingly noticeable, but all the same it is a nuisance. Do you know of a safe way to remove it, one which will not stimulate the growth of hair? Would wax treatment be all right, and, if so, how would I go about it and where would I get the wax?"

"Hopeful," Qld.

Most of the well-known cosmetic manufacturers market very good depilatory waxes specially designed to cope with problems like yours. They are safe, do not stimulate the growth of hair and are quite easy to use.

You can buy the wax at any city department store, chemists, and beauty salons. You just ask for depilatory wax, which costs you about £1 and contains a complete kit for the job.

The waxing removes all traces of the hairs, and lasts for a couple of months. It is quite a simple job to do yourself once you've learned the trick. I think it would be better if you could have it done professionally first and watch the operator carefully as she does it—it costs round 7/6 to 10/- at any beauty salon.

If you can't do this, get the kit and instructions and have a practice go on your legs, where the skin is much tougher. Be careful to follow the instructions carefully. Watch that the wax is not too hot, so that it won't burn or redden the skin.

To test its heat, let one drop fall on the inside of the wrist, where the skin has the same tender nature as that on the upper lip. When the wax sets and you have to remove it, pull it off quickly. That way it doesn't hurt; done slowly it does.

## \*\*\*\*\*DISC DIGEST\*\*\*\*\*

WILLIAM CLAUSON, that likeable young

Swedish folk singer who toured the length and breadth of Australia about 18 months ago, now has a new LP on the market. This one is called "Clauson Concert," and it was recorded in the Wellington (N.Z.) Town Hall in 1957. The intermittent applause of the audience becomes a bit irritating, but if you like a singer with an infectious personality — and that acting ability which is so important in folk singing — you'll overlook the handclaps and enjoy "John Henry," "Black Eyed Susie," "Greensleeves," "Streets of Laredo," "Cindy," and the eleven other tracks on this refreshing platter.

Jerome Kern's "Roberta" was filmed several years ago under the title of "Lovely To Look At." The big soundtrack recording disappeared, but fortunately part has been salvaged and is now available on Extended Play (MGM-EPO.660). Hit tune is "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," followed closely by "Lovely To Look At" and "I Won't Dance." The vocalists are Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



## A word from Debbie...

Love letters are wonderful things, but they are terribly unsatisfactory as a means of carrying on a romance. So much hangs on how you feel when you are writing — whether you are cranky when they arrive — that misunderstanding thrives on them.

You've only got to be depressed one day, write to your one-and-only and two days later when he gets it you're on top of the world, but he cops a misery that ruins his weekend.

Another thing that starts love-letter trouble is the number you get. Every

girl who has the sense she is born with knows that she won't get as many letters as she wants, hopes for, or as many as he said he'd write. Most boys simply don't like writing.

If you're riled because he doesn't write as much as he said he would and tell him so, you're in for trouble. He'll feel guilty because he hasn't kept his word, then get annoyed about it and feel even less like writing.

If you are romancing by mail, be a bright girl — keep him enjoying your letters (not too many of them) and he'll keep on loving you.



# TOOK MOVIE ON ICE-FLOE

● Standing on an ice-floe as it began drifting seawards off the Alaskan coast, film-maker Constance Paul took a movie of the scene, then looked around for rescue.



IN CITY CLOTHES, Miss Constance Paul seemed an unlikely figure for an Alaskan adventure. She is an architect and artist as well as a film-maker.

"FORTUNATELY," understates Miss Paul, now back in her native Australia, "an Eskimo came out for me in his umiak (canoe).

"I managed to get aboard the umiak — how, I don't know.

"It was all very unexpected and exciting, but I did get some good shots for a film."

Miss Paul, encountered in Sydney wearing a city suit, gloves, and hat, seems the world's most unlikely contender for the ice-floe-standing championship.

But her conservative mien conceals an adventurous streak, for her TV series "Careering With Constance" proves that she really gets around as a film-maker.

Just eight years ago Miss Paul had never touched a camera.

An architect by profession and an artist as well, she was in America lecturing on life in Australia.

"If I could only make films," she thought, "I'd show them as well as lecture."

Meeting Ansell Adams, head of a photographic school,

Constance Paul asked about photography, followed his advice, and soon began her new career.

Now she's always on the move shooting film, writing scripts, editing the finished product, and selling it to the B.B.C. and to TV stations in many countries.

She returned home to Australia in a migrant ship and filmed life aboard.

She told me: "Film-making was hard at first.

"I must have wasted thousands of feet of film until I discovered I should always use a tripod.

"Now I know exactly what I'm doing."

American television viewers saw her series "Amazing America," and B.B.C. watchers her films made in Albania.

"No outsiders had been into Communist Albania for 20 years until our party went there," Miss Paul said.

"The officials kept us under surveillance all the time, and watched what we photographed.

"They suspected that our targets were military objectives."

By  
**HELEN FRIZELL,**  
staff reporter



## A Pair of Shoes At Last

Many countries in the world have seen this dramatic picture of the little Austrian refugee overjoyed at receiving a pair of shoes from a Red Cross worker. Nothing in the aftermath of war was more terrible than the refugee children whose parents were missing or dead, and whom International Red Cross saved, sheltered, clothed and fed. This tremendous task of recovering children who are still missing and re-uniting them with their families still goes on — a work in which the Australian Red Cross has played a considerable part since the war ended.

THIS IS THE

## RED CROSS CENTENARY YEAR

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## WEEKEND

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# Bring out your spooks

• "Australia is rich in ghosts, and should be proud of them," said Mr. John Heel. "In England, Europe, and America they are proud of their ghosts."

"GHOSTS can be a fine tourist attraction," Mr. Heel added. Mr. Heel, a 40-year-old English stage and TV actor, now living in Sydney, should know his ghosts—he has been "collecting" them since he was 16.

He is keen to meet some of Australia's more famous ghosts—but he's had no luck so far. Some of the better-known Australian ghost legends Mr.

Heel hopes to investigate are: • *Fisher's ghost* (Campbelltown, N.S.W.). Fisher disappeared in 1826; later his ghostly form was seen sitting on a bridge, pointing up a creek.

• The ghost voice of *Government House*, Hobart. Lady Binney, wife of a former Tasmanian governor, reported that a ghostly voice floated through the air, repeating over and over again: "It's a quarter-past eleven."

• The ghost of an aboriginal at *Yarralunla*, home of the Governor-General, at Canberra.

Many more ghosts have been reported in Australia.

A ghostly hansom cab once clattered around Darling Point to the old home of Sir Thomas Mitchell; poltergeists have hurled stones at Guyra; at now demolished Bungarribee (Doonside, N.S.W.) spectres waited by the gateposts.

Ghosts have been reported in the Riverina and at Broome, W.A., where the late Bishop Gerard Trower saw a phantom wearing "the flowing robes of a Jewish Rabbi."

For all his interest in ghosts Mr. Heel has no haunted look. He has a calm, amused expression.

"There's no need to be afraid of a ghost," says Mr. Heel in his beautiful English tone. "There's nothing supernatural about it. A phantom isn't a spirit from beyond the grave."

"To my mind, a phantom is a scientific manifestation."

"A past action, taken during emotional, mental, or physical stress, leaves its imprint like an electric force on the atmosphere."

"Under certain conditions, certain people are privileged to see this action repeated."

"Because ghosts are like photographic images they are colored black and white or grey. They're not vivid."

Mr. Heel first got into the ghost-hunting game as a boy when he and a mate were exploring a derelict house in North Wales, saw doors opening and shutting for no reason, and encountered an invisible barrier on the stairs.

Young John Heel, instead of panicking, grew interested.

## "Tommy-rot"

"If you take up ghost hunting," he warns, "you must be prepared for boredom, and put up with hours of waiting."

"It's not usual for a ghost-hunter to see ghosts regularly. When people say 'Ghosts seem to come to me' they're talking tommy-rot, rubbish, and bunk."

"Ghosts don't come to me—I go to them deliberately."

Mr. Heel is no man to be fooled by fake phantoms. He knows the tricks of practical jokers, and scientifically tests all avenues of foolery.

Naturally, in England, he paid a visit to Borley Rectory,



JOHN HEEL, ghost-hunter.

known as the "most haunted house" in Britain. The rectory was burnt down 20 years ago, but eerie phenomena still prowled.

One phantom walked "right through" Mr. Heel, but he showed no concern.

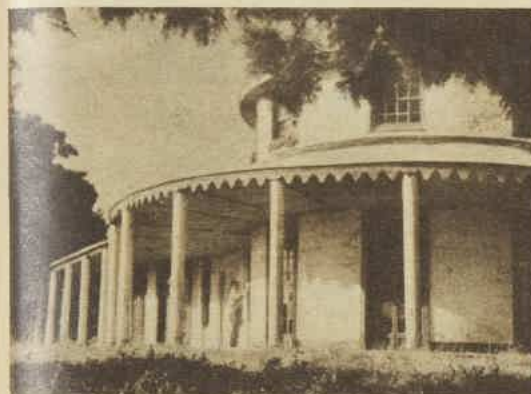
Once, on a visit to the church at Borley, Mr. Heel was standing near a wall when

his companion said: "What's happened to you?"

"Why?" said Mr. Heel.

"Water," said the friend succinctly, pointing to water which was streaming from Mr. Heel's coat to the floor.

"It hadn't gone through the lining, which is why I hadn't felt it," Mr. Heel recalls. "A ghost must have thrown it."



BUNGARRIBEE HOUSE, Doonside . . . spectres by the gateposts.

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• Gleaming airliners queue up outside the passenger terminal at Adelaide Airport, West Beach, five miles from Adelaide city centre. Completed in 1957, the attractive terminal provides all modern facilities for air travellers. On top of the terminal is an air-conditioned control tower. Picture by Darien Smith, of Adelaide.

## AUSTRALIA *FROM THE AIR*

• Orchards, vineyards, and market gardens weave a patchwork pattern in one of the fertile valleys of the Mt. Lofty Ranges, which form an arc behind the plain on which Adelaide stands. National parks and reservations in the Ranges serve as a giant recreation area for people from the city. Picture taken by Valerie Lhuede, of Sydney.





*fashion today—*

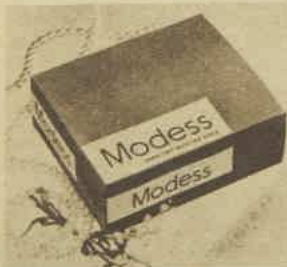
The charm of this casual blouse is enhanced by a well-placed self-bow at neck and waist—and the addition of a light scarf in contemporary design. Vogue Design No. 1417.



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# LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

## Childbirth worries are out of date

CHILDBIRTH is an entirely natural process, and the skilled care now available for mothers cancels out the need to state "both well" in birth notices. The inclusion of these words suggests the necessity for the further education of parents. They should realise a confined woman is NOT at death's door in performing the natural function of having a baby.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Dorothy Pilkington, Moe, Vic.

## Time is with him

A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD lad who cuts lawns on an hourly basis with his motor-mower surprised me by putting a clock on the garden seat as soon as he arrived. I asked him why he brought it, pointing out that no one in our town would be mean enough to underpay him. Looking me squarely in the eye he said, "I am thinking nothing. That's my clock, and I work by it." What a shame for one so young to have such distrust. People would be inclined to give him a little more if he had the common sense to trust them.

£1/1/- to "Old Fashioned" (name and address supplied), Qld.

## Stand up, please

YEARS ago at Sydney Girls' High School we were taught to be courteous and told the honor of the school was in our hands when we travelled in public conveyances. People, we were told,

judged the school by the manners of the pupils. Now pupils of private and public schools remain glued to their seats in trams and buses while older people stand or give seats to those who appear to need them. Daily, too, at most suburban bus stops, adults must stand aside or be knocked down by schoolchildren charging into the bus. I think the blame is on parents for this disgraceful state of affairs.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Bruce Thompson, Condell Park, N.S.W.

## She pinned it

ATTEMPTING to read daily papers when ill in bed was frustrating until I solved the problem by keeping a large safety-pin handy and pinning the pages together before opening up the paper.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. G. Wheeler, Maryborough, Qld.

## FAMILY AFFAIRS

### Happy in hospital

OUR boys had never been away from home, and we were worried that they would be unhappy when we had to leave them in hospital until we had this idea. I made them each a parcel containing their toilet kit for hospital, small toys, and a few items of clothing. We presented the parcels as a surprise when the time came to say goodbye. After they had opened up the packages and gone through the contents they were used to their new surroundings and settled in happily.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Gregson, Katanning, W.A.

### Staggering homes

MOTORING through a beautiful rural suburb recently I felt it was a pity to see the setting spoilt by a row of houses all in line, while in another street they were staggered and looked most attractive. This should be considered by municipal councils, especially where new estates are concerned. Apart from the appearance, there is very little privacy where houses are built in rows beside each other.

£1/1/- to Mrs. McIntosh, Roseville, N.S.W.

### Bad water marks

THE papers say Melbourne folk drink the most water. Although born in N.S.W., and sticking up for that State in most things, I am all for Melbourne's water. I was at Earlwood, N.S.W., for a month recently, and couldn't drink

the water because it was dreadful. Adelaide water is also very nasty, and Queensland's the same.

£1/1/- to J. Graham, Clayton, Vic.

### Handy stamps

THE G.P.O. should install stamp machines in shopping centres. In my suburb I have to travel two sections in a bus to our nearest post office unless a local shopkeeper is kind enough to oblige with a stamp from his personal stock. With handy stamp machines people would not suffer inconvenience or be under an obligation to shopkeepers.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Kenny, Cabarita, N.S.W.

### Teacher's strap

I AGREE with "Sanity" (29/4/59) that allowing schoolteachers to use a "heavy hand" would be a step in the right direction. Since parents no longer have much control over children, knowing schoolteachers had the power of the strap could be a deterrent to child delinquency.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Olive Lawson, Launceston, Tas.

### It's their due

MUIR BURNETT said (18/3/59) that age pensions are humiliating and that children should support aged parents. I would like to reply that any social service benefits paid to aged people are only their due. They have already contributed to these benefit schemes in paying taxation over a long period. Not many couples on the basic wage could afford to pay £3 a week to the joint support of their parents.

£1/1/- to Loretta Everingham, Madang, Territory New Guinea.

## Ross Campbell writes...

A FEW weeks ago I mentioned my wife's affection for a small knife which she uses for stringing beans and other kitchen tasks.

Since then women have written to me from four States saying that they (or their mothers) possess old knives to which they are equally devoted.

It has built up in my mind a rather frightening picture of an Australia-wide legion of women armed with kitchen knives.

Usually the knives are old and battered—one at Innisfail, Qld., is "just a broken blade (the handle fell off years ago)." But their age and state of wear seem to make them, if anything, even more cherished.

This loyalty to old knives is very nice to see.

But it must be admitted that there is another, darker side to many households, including my own.

Some of the equipment in them does not inspire love but the opposite feeling.

The tenderness in my wife's eyes when she gazes at her knife fades

### AMONG MY SOUVENIRS

away when she looks at our corkscrew.

It is one of those corkscrews that bore a tunnel in the cork but don't pull it out.

I have the same feeling of dislike for the radio.



One of the old lo-lo models, it was bought 12 years ago.

A child once poked a pencil through the front of it, making a hole in the loud-speaker. This has not improved the tone.

For some reason I do not understand, it goes brrrrrrrr when a saucepan is put on the electric stove.

The habit is annoying, because we always have it switched on while

breakfast is being prepared to get the time.

As the eggs boil you will hear a number like: "My brrrrrrrr goes round the world, the brrrrrr I made for you."

The remedy would be to get a new radio. But we have a strict list of priorities for expenditure.

A radio is down below a car, a fence, two new dresses, a suit, and a trip to the Binoleum Caves, as they are called at our place.

So we'll be stuck with this set for a good while yet. It would make Marconi turn in his grave.

Another unloved possession is our vacuum cleaner.

Nobody knows its age. It was past its prime years ago when a landlord insisted that we buy it before he would let us rent his house.

Being old and tired, this vacuum cleaner has lost its enthusiasm for sucking.

Surprisingly, it can still blow balloons up if you put it into reverse. But that is about all it's good for now.

Happily my wife has her knife to comfort her, and I have the chair I got for Father's Day. It's massive.





"Don't you think I made a nice job of the painting?" Sheila asked Grogan and Manning as she pointed to the bright blue door.

Second instalment of our mystery serial

# The Flame of MURDER

By MARGOT NEVILLE

CARL Hennessey appeared almost to be enjoying himself. With his stocky figure thrown back in the easy chair and his round ruddy face turned to the inspector, he appeared interested, untroubled, unhurried. He had come out of the orchard when Toni called to tell him that the detectives were there and had joined them in the sitting-room.

A shabby but comfortable room, with the slip covers always in disarray and dogs and cats dozing on them and magazines and paper-backs dropped down beside them, and a big desk with unopened bills, mercifully lost in the drifts of catalogues and circulars, and an atmosphere that induced frequent work breaks.

Now Carl lighted another cigarette from his butt and nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, I see," he said. "Of course—by the way—I also see that the man so strategically placed on the ladder yesterday morning is rather too much in the limelight for comfort!"

Toni gave a little laugh. "Oh, Carl, don't

be mad! You're not thinking that the inspector thinks—"

"That's right, Mrs. Hennessey," Grogan turned an approving glance on her as she sat sideways at the desk. Gold skin and gold short hair and little-girl figure so admirably suited by the sleeveless blue skirt and skimpy shorts.

"I don't need to tell you we got a small army of men in this district this morning, going round talking to folks, some that knew the deceased well, like yourselves, some that hardly know her by sight."

"Naturally," Carl agreed pleasantly. "And you don't need to tell me that the person who killed poor Rowena Latham went down by the ladder. They couldn't well have made an exit by the door, leaving it locked and the key inside."

Manning seemed to think this bloke was too know-all by half. "No, but he couldn't have done a cat-burglar act down a drainpipe, couldn't he?"

"Eh?" Carl blinked up at him indulgently.

Grogan said soothingly: "That's right, Sergeant, but we know the ladder was used. There's traces on the brickwork where it rested a few inches below the attic window-sill, and you say you never put up the extension all the time you were using it, Mr. Hennessey?"

"No, no," Carl said, settling himself deeper in his comfortably sagging chair. "I could reach all the creeper I needed to, round the bedroom windows, without extending it."

"Were you absent from that ladder much during the morning?"

"Was he absent much!" Again Toni laughed. This time it had a slightly different ring. "You should know my husband better, Inspector. Being absent from the job's his middle name. Isn't it, sweetie?"

Carl nodded placidly. "You're right. Especially when the job is a voluntary one on somebody else's property. Let me see . . . I came down off that ladder to take a parcel from an errand boy and take it round to the

kitchen. I came down off it when Angus called me into the dining-room, to hold the glued leg of a chair while he went off in search of some screws or something . . . I came down it when someone shouted out that there was a brown snake in the back garden . . . Then we had morning tea. Then again, I showed young Quentin Rivers how to prepare bean rows. And there was a very long lunch break."

"Plenty of time," Toni put in, "for someone to nip down and away."

"You mean, plenty of time," Carl amended, "for someone to have extended the ladder and entered the attic that way, too. For we have to conclude that having fixed the ladder it would have been the quickest way up."

"Hold on," Manning said contentiously: "Say they were in the attic? Say they'd followed her up the stairs, or gone up with her, killed her, and locked the door so she couldn't

IT seems that no one in the country town of Latham West wants to see ROWENA LATHAM return to her husband, ANGUS, home, Pine Hill. A year ago she had left the district after a scandal which had broken the engagement between VIVIAN WYATT and DENIS PAGET. Now Vivian, after a trip abroad, has taken Burnside, a cottage belonging to Angus, and the day she settles in Angus tells her Rowena has decided to come back to keep an eye on her nephew, twenty-year-old QUENTIN RIVERS, whom she has heard is taking too much interest in TONI HENNESSEY, wife of CARL, owners of an orange orchard. Angus intimates he does not want Rowena back, for he is contemplating marriage to pretty SHEILA BINGHAM, who is to spend a few weeks with Vivian.

But Rowena does come back. During a storm at night Vivian finds her dead body in the attic. DETECTIVES GROGAN and MANNING, of the C.I.B., find a smear of bright blue paint on the hem of her frock, and a return ticket to Sydney in her bag. Vivian is astonished to learn from Denis that Angus, although he has told the police he last saw Rowena in Sydney, was with her at Burnside the night before Vivian moved in.

MRS. LATHAM tells Angus he should inform the detectives why Rowena left him, because if he doesn't they will soon hear the story in the town. Angus refuses. Grogan points out that the smear of paint on her frock means she must have come through the door during the morning before it was dry, but finds it difficult to understand why no one saw her enter the house. As this time factor removes any suspicion from Angus, Vivian wonders why he doesn't tell the truth about his meeting his wife. Later Denis and Vivian admit to each other they cannot understand Angus' silence . . . unless he himself killed Rowena. NOW READ ON:

To page 53



# Cook all the vitamins and flavour into your food

with a **NAMCO** Pressure Cooker



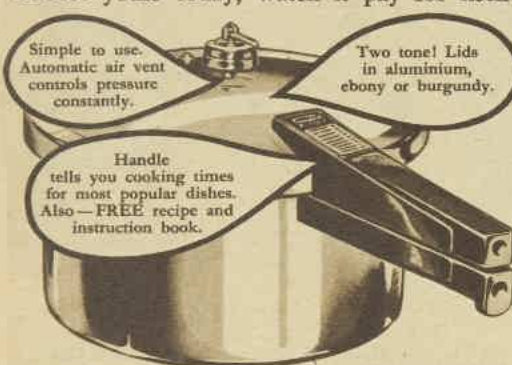
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Although they were old in years they were really young in heart . . . a short story

By **HUMPHREY KNIGHT**

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS



**J**ULIE always got down to breakfast first. The role of younger sister (which she had played for sixty years) and a desire to see that everything was in order before Ida made her descent prompted this punctuality.

Ida was the head of their small country house in Chipping Hollows. Ida did the budgeting, was the accredited authority on all matters, and regarded Julie, who was only five years younger, as a child who needed to be watched.

A moment later she walked stiffly into the dining-room. "Good morning, Julie."

"Good morning, Ida — and such a lovely morning."

"It's going to rain, I can feel it in my joints."

Julie's blue eyes rounded with concern. "Oh, dear, do you think so?"

"I feel so," said Ida, "which is much more reliable."

Breakfast proceeded in a companionable silence.

Julie, who in everything was hesitant — glancing at Ida before she even helped herself to marmalade — ate quickly and with secret delight.

There was only one letter in the post this morning, and, as it was addressed to "The Misses Glovers," it was naturally left to Ida to open it.

Julie said, "Now who can it be from?"

Ida slit open the envelope and crackled the letter in her hands. Then she snapped open her lorgnette and began to read.

Julie, her hands clasped in her lap, waited.

"It's from Brian — Brian Maunsey — Stella's child."

Julie's eyes sparkled. "Is it really? I thought he was in America — didn't we read something about his last film? Oh, how exciting. The dear boy — he's quite famous already."

"He says he's been overworking and is quite tired out. He can't get any peace in London. Could he come and stay with us? He liked it so much last time —"

"I so enjoyed having him," said Julie. "Oh, what fun it will be. How long does he want to stay with us?"

"He says a week or two. Because," and Ida frowned at Julie, "he has a story to finish and he's finding it very difficult."

"Then we must help him all we can."

"I'll write to him this morning, after we've seen the vicar about the jumble sale."

Brian Maunsey arrived a week later. His car drew up outside the house with an opulent sigh. The aunts stood in the doorway ready to greet him as he ran up the front path.

"Aunt Julie and Ida! How wonderful to see you again."

Julie smiled delightedly and murmured, "Dear boy . . ." Ida kissed Brian primly on the cheek, pinched it reprovingly, and said, "You're too thin."

Brian smiled engagingly. "Just been working too hard, that's all."

The aunts fussed him into the sitting-room.

"Now," said Ida, seated upright in a high-backed chair, "you must tell us all your news. We dine at seven-thirty."

Julie said hesitantly, "Perhaps, Ida . . . perhaps he would like a glass . . . of something?"

Ida said, "A glass of sherry, Brian?"

"I'd love one, Aunt — don't get up, I'll fix it myself. Will either of you . . . ?"

"We do not drink," said Ida. "Father never approved. But men enjoy a glass of sherry and we got a dry one for you."

Solemnly Brian poured from an exquisite cut-glass decanter into so thin a glass that it seemed to swell with the weight of the drink.

He raised his glass to the Aunts, the automatically jovial toast in mind, "Here's fun and games." And then, recollecting where he was, he said gravely, "Your very good health."

The Aunts nodded with a dignity that just missed disapproval.

Brian sat down. "It's such ages since we've seen each other that I don't really know where to begin —"

"Then," said Ida, "begin at the beginning, dear. Tell us all about yourself."

Brian sat back in his chair and began. It was a tonic to talk about oneself to two people who were genuinely intrigued and who listened intently to every word.

"In Hollywood," said Brian, "whilst working on the film script of my book I met Mark Stringer," and paused for this dramatic encounter to register.

Julie said sweetly, "Yes, dear . . . ?"

Brian sighed. "He is the most famous and most difficult director to work for. But he took a liking to me."

Ida nodded. It was a starchy movement — suggesting that if Mr. Stringer had not liked Brian or his work his name should not be mentioned in polite society.

"And as a result," said Brian, "I've come back to England with him to work on his next picture. It's a terrific opportunity."

"But," said Brian, throwing back his sherry, "I've got in a mess with the story. And Mark wants it in a hurry — and I can't sleep — and I've quarrelled with Aileen."

Aunt Ida said sharply, "Now, Brian! Brian . . . listen to me. You must not work yourself into a state. You remember what used to happen when you were a child —"

"— Oh, I'm not sick any more —"

"Nevertheless, worry won't help."

Julie said softly, "No, Brian — you must not fret. But, dear, you haven't told us. Who is Aileen?"

"Mark's story editor. I'm sort of engaged to her — that is I was —"

"But Brian, dear, what did you quarrel about?"

Brian looked tragic and Julie and Ida exchanged swift, wide-eyed glances. "About this story I'm working on for Mark," Brian said.

Julie, not really understanding, murmured, "Oh, dear!" "She said," Brian muttered, "that the situations were unreal. And the story phony."

"A pony, dear?"

"It wasn't any good," Brian translated, and then said desperately, "May I have another sherry?"

The Aunts lifted their eyebrows and Ida said, "One more, dear, and then we'll have dinner."

"Yes," said Julie hastily, "you'll feel much better about it after you've had a good meal."

Brian did. Seated in a deep armchair, drinking coffee, entertained by all the gossip of Chipping Hollows, and Ida's pet charities, and how much the vicar suffered because the Parish Hall leaked, and they could not afford a new roof — Brian felt already rested.

Aileen's comments and their quarrel, Mark's temperaments, and the urgency to get the story finished all, in the sleepy spring evening, took on an unreal air.

Away from London, Brian began to feel confident that,



# THE AUNTS

Julie turned smilingly to Ida and said, "How nice of Mr. Stringer to ask me to act in his film."



with the Aunts, he would be able to get everything into perspective.

It was Ida who asked, "Brian, dear, what is the story about? Perhaps we could help. We do visit the cinema —"

"— Do you like Mr. Charles Boyer — such a charming man —" said Julie and blushed.

"Aunts," said Brian, "I have a confession to make. I didn't only invite myself down here for peace and quiet — and the pleasure of seeing you; there's something else."

Ida said severely, "I hope you haven't got yourself into debt?"

"Or trouble," added Julie, who was imaginative.

"Nothing like that. I want to use you both as models — for my story."

Julie gave a little cry. "Oh, Brian — you're not going to put us in your picture?"

"No — not exactly. Look, very briefly, I'll tell you the story. It's about two elderly ladies — one like you, Aunt Ida — dominating —"

"Whom, may I ask, do I dominate?"

"Your sister — who's like Aunt Julie —"

"Ida does not dominate me, Brian. What a silly idea —"

Wildly Brian tried to extricate himself. "I mean, two ladies who are like you. They live alone — like you — and one day they win seventy thousand pounds in a football pool."

"That," said Ida with dreadful finality, "is not at all like us. We do not gamble — Father always disapproved."

"Anyway," said Brian, "the story is a strong drama about all the people who run after their money. How it doesn't bring the old ladies happiness. How they try to help other people with their money and with the most unfortunate results. It's a very significant story."

There was silence whilst the Aunts digested the epic.

Then Julie said wistfully, "It's — it's not really a very happy story, is it, dear?"

"Goodness no," said Brian brightly, "but it's got a message. Mark is the message-boy of the film world —"

Ida lifted a dry little hand. "Ever since I was a girl I've always disliked stories of that kind. Most of them, dear boy, were ponies. All the adventures were lost, the excitements spoilt, because the author was more concerned with his messages than his hero."

Shaken, Brian said, "Well . . . yes — there's something in that . . ." and began to feel uneasy. Aileen's comments were anaemic compared with these.

"So," continued Ida, "I think you ought to make it an amusing story."

"I love a little joke," said Julie happily.

"But," stuttered Brian, "Mark believes in realistic stories — and that money does cause trouble. And he has a message to give to the world —"

"— Mr. Stringer assumes the world wants to hear it. I don't think the world wants to weep — I think it wants to laugh."

Brian said, "I'm not man enough to tell Mark Stringer that."

Julie said dreamily, "I know what I'd do — if I won — if I came into a lot of money. I'd finance a theatre. I love the stage. You know, dear, I wanted to be an actress — but of course Father wouldn't hear of it."

Now something was nagging Brian's imagination.

"Aunt Ida, what would you do with seventy thousand pounds?"

Ida cleared her throat. "I would set out on a voyage round the world. As I met people who needed help — I would help them. Oh, of course, I would first give the vicar a cheque for a new parish hall. Then I'd go on my voyage."

Julie said, "Oh, Ida — it would be fun."

Brian leaned forward in his chair. "But, Aunt Ida, if you took your money and helped people in the four corners of the earth — why, you'd have every crook at your heels —"

Ida smiled. "My dear boy — I'm not stupid. I'd first appoint some honest young man as my secretary. He would investigate every deserving case."

In a hushed voice Brian said, "You know . . . that's quite an idea. And it could be very funny."

Julie said excitedly, "Brian, dear — why not write that? Mr. Stringer could still have his message. And you would still have your two elderly ladies."

"There's another thing," said Ida. "Your two elderly ladies would have lots of adventures. And why shouldn't they? In stories they always have a terribly dull time. All the adventures are given to the young people."

Brian leapt up. "The Young People," he shouted, "that's the title. The young in heart, you know? Aunts, I think you're wonderful. I'm going to work out a new story line and put it up to Mark Stringer."

Aunt Ida rose. "Brian, dear, you should not excite yourself just before going to bed. You won't sleep."

"Sleep? Aunt, I'm going to work all night —"

Aunt Julie said, "But, dear, you'll be so tired in the morning. Let me mix you a cup of hot milk and you have a proper night's rest."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 3, 1959



# The Summer People

A short short story by DOROTHY M. ROSE

MARCH was too early for any of the summer people to be returning to the point. Anyway, their servants always came first, opening up the houses. That was why, shaking a dust cloth at the kitchen window, I was puzzled when I saw the powder-blue convertible at the Bartlett place directly across the narrow canal.

Last summer young Lee Bartlett and his wife, Irene, had torn around in a pink and cream, two-tone car, but they got a new one every year, so the one parked in their drive now told me nothing.

My husband and I were supposed to keep an eye on the Bartlett place. I had my hand on the door that leads to the shop where Dick was hard at work on some of the summer folks' boats when the phone rang. I went back.

"Mrs. Lester?" a man's voice barked impatiently. "Lee Bartlett speaking. Do me a favor, will you? Look over and see if there's anyone at our place..."

"There's a car," I said. "I just noticed it."

"Blue convertible?" he demanded. When I'd confirmed this he let out his breath and muttered something he shouldn't have been saying into my ear. "So!" he wound up. "That's where she's gone off to this time!"

I waited. If the trouble between Lee Bartlett and his wife was still brewing, it was none of my business. "Do you want me to drive round and bring Irene to the phone?" I asked.

"Heck, no!" he almost shouted. "She won't stick it out long at the point on a day like this. None of the utilities have been turned on down there yet." Then he seemed to decide some explanation was required. "Look, Mrs. Lester, the facts of life are these: We had a row. I just wanted to know where she was. Thanks."

And he hung up. I cradled the phone, disturbed and out of patience. The Bartletts had everything in life at their young fingertips, but it seemed too much trouble for them to reach for it.

When they'd first married and started to spend the summer at the point they'd appeared so much in love, so happy. But after Irene had lost the baby, about a month before it was due to be born, there'd been a change. Their outdoor parties had increased at the house across the canal. The pace and tempo was stepped up, too. The guests always had half-filled glasses. And Irene danced into the night on their dock with the men and Lee devoted himself to the women.

Remembering, I shrugged and headed for the shop and Dick again when the sound of a boat's motor starting up came from out on the water.

It was a sound that startled me, because the day was mean; the wind was high and howling; the tide was up and no one in his right senses would take off in the rain, with the low clouds promising worse to come. I ran to the window and pounded on it, foolishly. It was the Whim, the Bartletts' boat, of course. I could just make out Irene at the wheel. Already she was pulling away from the pier.

Dick had heard it, too. He came out on our dock, shouting and waving his arms.

"That fool girl!" he exploded when I went out. "She's around the point already. I only got their boat into the water yesterday. The motor's not in shape yet." He was buttoning up his mackinaw. "I've got to go after her. She's no good with the boat, even in summer..."

I began to argue. I didn't want him out in the bay in that weather. But being my Dick, he didn't even hear. He went about fuelling our old tub while I fretted that the boys were lurching at school and couldn't go with him, to help. The motor turned stubborn, too, and Dick had to coax it for ten minutes. At the last he bellowed back instructions for me to tell the coastguard if he was too long...

I called Lee Bartlett first, in New York. When some fool servant hesitated about bothering him, my temper snapped. "His wife's life is in danger," I said icily. "Is that important enough?"

And when Lee came on, sounding half sceptical, half amused, I ordered him to get down to the point, and fast. Our weather was no joke, no matter what it was in New York. I told him, and then I slammed down the receiver.

It took him an hour's time to get there, which was quick. The Mercedes ripped into the driveway. Hearing the roar of the motor I thought I'd communicated my worry to him, but I should have known his speed was only further proof that he never did anything moderately.

"What's all the fuss?" he asked, coming through the door.

While I told him all of it, the anger in his eyes grew. "This is the craziest stunt she's pulled yet in a long career of crazy stunts," he said, and he pulled off his coat and threw it on a chair.

Something about his casualness infuriated me. "Maybe she has to resort to crazy stunts," I said.

He raised his eyebrows. "Calm down, Mrs. Lester," he said. "She'll be all right." He didn't sound quite as flippant or sure

While Lee slumped moodily in the chair, Mrs. Lester stood watching the storm.



as before, but, then, he wasn't tearing his hair out, either.

"Will she?" I snapped back. "I'm glad you think so. I'm not sure my husband is all right... and he's a darned good sailor. As for your boat, Dick hadn't even finished putting the motor in shape."

Resentment and nagging worry made me want to put the blame where it belonged. "Irene must have been pretty upset to do such a wild thing."

"Upset about me?" he said, and shook his head. "Hardly. She's been ready to call it quits for some time. Naturally, she has to make a big thing of it..."

It sickened me. I turned away from him and went to the window. After a bit I switched on the radio and the news came on. Storm warnings were up, the announcer said, all along the Long Island coast. Small craft were cautioned. The coastguard, it seemed, had its hands full.

Lee came to stand beside me. I heard him pound his fist against his hand, and when I looked at him there was alarm on his face.

"I didn't realise!" he said. "Look! I've got to get out there. I've got to get help to her..."

He should be out there, but Dick was, I thought. "What good would you be?" I demanded. "You Bartletts are just summer people. You're fair-weather people. You're all right when everything's going fine. When things go wrong you're lightweights!"

He started pacing up and down. "You mean the baby," he said slowly. "Sure, that broke Irene up. Things... changed. You don't know what it was like for her. You don't ask a woman to go through that again."

"Don't you?" I said, exasperated. "Well, I lost my first two. Now I've got three boys. Didn't it ever occur to you two to pick yourselves up and start over again?"

He watched me a minute, then slumped into a chair. "Have you got a drink?" he asked.

"No," I lied, taking my worry out on him. "Here on the point we take our trouble straight."

He put his head into his hands, and I went back to the window. Finally, ashamed, I got a drink and put it beside him. "I shouldn't have said that," I apologised. "Irene must love you a lot to be so desperate..."

He looked up, his face twisted. "Somebody should have said what you said to me... a long time ago." He reached for my hand. "If only she's all right..."

I pulled away. My ear is trained to sounds on the water. "Listen!" I said. Then I raced to the window.

It was Dick, in the tub, with the "Whim" in tow.

Lee was on his feet and through the door and out on the dock, and I saw him leap on to the deck of the "Whim" and grab his wife in his arms. I let out my breath and went to fetch a hot-water bottle and make up the spare bed. The Bartletts would stay the night, of course. And I had the feeling that inside, where it counted, they wouldn't be just summer people any more.

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# KNAVE OF DIAMONDS

By E. H. CLEMENTS

SOMEWHERE behind the gurglings, the splashing, and the cataracts, Annabel was aware of a noise, a fugal theme to which she did not pay attention. Lying bemused extended beneath the scented water, she looked dreamily through the steam, noting but not understanding the printed notice hanging on the wall over the basin, frowning a little at someone else's toothpaste left on a shelf.

The noise was repeated. It could not be ignored. The hammering, in fact, was angry and ominous. Annabel turned off the tap and lay still, listening but not perturbed. This was what invariably happened when one took a bath. It happened even in England.

She got out of the bath in very leisurely fashion. The door was now, apparently, being kicked. Feet, fists, the door was belabored so savagely that Annabel felt angry. Really! Could not one have a bath in peace? Here she was, at the end of a long, exhausting but exciting day-excursion to the valley that she couldn't pronounce, returning to this house where she was being "slept out" by the hotel, and the proprietor behaved like this. She tied the sash of her bathrobe briskly, ran a hand through her damp fair hair, and strode to the door.

When she flung it open she found herself face to face with the man who owned the Casa Mirabella. He was a short, stocky man with a thatch of iron-grey hair and a perpetual scowl, but she had sometimes heard him singing in the distance. She called him, for want of a better name, for she could not pronounce his own, Gigli.

Annabel said in English, "Is anything the matter?"

The man began to stomp again. He pointed frenziedly at the notice hanging on the wall. Annabel's vague knowledge of French and Latin had deciphered this as being an admonition of some kind, and there had been the inevitable figures included which probably meant that a vast sum of money was involved somewhere. She had ignored it on principle.

When the man began a fresh flood of vituperation, pointing at himself, at herself, and then at the notice, and then throwing hands to heaven because of the mess on the floor, Annabel said in exasperation, "Je ne comprends pas. Nicht verstehe." Two languages, surely, should be enough for the Swiss. These had worked quite well in other parts of Europe.

The proprietor began to speak again. Annabel realised after some minutes that the language he was now using was French. She could not understand a word. She frowned and sighed.

"Ecoutez!" she said, pronouncing her schoolgirl phrases very clearly and distinctly. "En Angleterre il n'est pas quelque chose extraordinaire de se baigner. Tout le monde se baigne. Nous n'aimons pas être sales—" (In England it is not unusual to have a bath. Everyone baths. We do not like to be dirty.)

As the owner of the house raised his shoulders to his ears and threw out his hands in wear and angry non-comprehension, Annabel heard a sound to her right. She turned.

A young man stood in the cool, stone-floored corridor. He was dressed attractively in a saffron-colored shirt, hanging loose, and green velvet trousers. His hair was too long. He was, Annabel knew, the owner of the toothpaste (and therefore English; it was a well-known make) and the tenant of the other room on her side of the house, whose balcony corresponded to hers. At that moment he was holding half a thin, long loaf in one hand and a portion of sausage in the other. The noise he had made was a laugh which, hampered by the food in his mouth, was an unpleasant one.

"Did you speak?" said Annabel coldly but her eyes softened. She had thought the young man decidedly attractive and so utterly what she frequently called "typical." The Casa Mirabella, with its terracotta-painted walls, its flat roof, its fig trees and its vines, on the side of the mountain, required one inmate to look like this man. But it was rather silly that he had turned out to be English, although quite convenient when it came to conversation. She had often glimpsed him on his balcony.

"You look," said the young man, swallowing quickly, "like a Roman senator in that long robe. A young one." His eyes moved deliberately over her, finishing with a satisfied appraisal of her short golden hair. "A young and pompous senator, laying down the law."

"I was merely standing up for my rights."

"In such dreadful French!" said the young man wonderingly. "Why not speak Italian?"

Annabel looked at him. "I don't speak Italian. This is Switzerland. Just."

"Just, as you say," said the young man and grinned. "What are these rights you spoke of?"

"To have a bath."

"Why must you have a bath?"

Annabel stared at him. "What a question!"

The young man leaned against the wall, peeling the skin off his sausage and then biting it with relish. He then turned his head and spoke rapidly in Italian to the owner of the house, who, to Annabel's surprise, immediately wheeled about and left them. The young man said after a moment, "I haven't had a bath for weeks."

Annabel looked at him, shocked. But he was English! She could not stop herself looking up as interestedly and as critically at him as he had at her. She now observed that his colorful garments were shabby and not very clean. Possibly—she could not be sure, but if so one must blame the sausage—he smelt of garlic.

"That's nothing to be proud of," said Annabel.

"Baths," said the young man, "are not things to be proud of nor things to be ashamed of. They are just occasions."

"Rare, presumably," said Annabel scornfully. "Why then does he have a bathroom?" It was a very good one, full of contemporary plumbing and not in the least what one might have expected from the rather primitive exterior of the Casa Mirabella, except for a somewhat lethargic drainage. Her mother had, in fact, been dubious about her sleeping there,

but it was the only possible arrangement. The proprietor of the Hotel Ticino had made this muddle, giving them only two double rooms in the hotel and one single one "out." Her parents must have one of the hotel rooms and her young brother and her fiancé the other. Inevitably, it had been Annabel who went to the Casa Mirabella.

"He has a bathroom as he has a Sunday suit," said the young man, swallowing another portion of sausage. "It is not necessary to make constant use of them."

"I don't see that argument," said Annabel crossly.

"I was explaining that you do not have to make constant use of the bathroom."

"One must wash somewhere."

The young man shrugged and when he did so he looked less English. "There is the lake."

"It's very dirty. My fiancé and I noticed this morning. Down by the Piazza there are leaves and bits of sticks and vegetables."

The young man shrugged again. "You are very fussy, you and your fiancé, aren't you? You have the whole lake. What more do you want? I swam this morning, early, and the water was icy, like a knife. There was the feeling of snow in it."

"It would come down from the mountains in the streams, I suppose." Annabel did not sound enthusiastic.

"You have a fiancé, you say." The young man swallowed the last morsel of sausage. "English?"

"Of course."

"Why of course? There are other races. But I can imagine this fiancé of yours. He is clean and tall and lanky with a stiff back and yellow hair."

"He is not at all like that," said Annabel protestingly. But Tony was clean and tall, only his hair was brownish. He did not, however, look as romantic as did this not very clean young man with his sausage. "Are you a poet?" she inquired. She had seen him with a pencil and sheets of paper deeply engrossed on his balcony next to hers.

He looked at her. Then he nodded.







"I should like very much," said Annabel graciously, "to see some of your poetry."

"I write in Italian." He was grinning at her.

"Oh. Why?"

"Because it is quite a good language to write in. My mother was Italian."

"From this part of the world?"

"From over the frontier, yes."

"Then you have Italian relatives close by?"

"Yes," he said and smiled curiously. "Isn't that useful?"

At dinner with her family in the Hotel Ticino, Annabel described her new acquaintance. In retrospect he had acquired a charm that had not been so apparent when she had first encountered him outside the bathroom. "He swims in the lake very early in the morning."

"Then I probably saw him," said Tony. "I was down at the lake this morning. I couldn't sleep. There was a fellow swimming very well."

They were to make an excursion by way of a lake steamer next day. After dinner Annabel looked up timetables for her parents while Tony read a local newspaper painstakingly. He was learning Italian. He was a pleasant and intelligent young man who worked in an insurance office. To Annabel, turning over the leaves of the complicated timetable, working in an insurance office seemed dull when one compared it to being a poet.

"We must take passports," she announced. "We cross the frontier quite soon after we start."

"An invisible one," said Tony. "One day we'll walk along the road into Italy. It's only about a mile. I like walking through a frontier-post."

Tony returned to his paper. For his fiancée's benefit, he translated items of interest. There was to be a carnival next week, a procession of illuminated boats the following Wednesday. Someone in the largest hotel had had her jewels stolen. Tony, putting down his paper, began a boring discussion with Annabel's father on the subject of the insurance of jewels while on holiday.

Annabel's mother said placidly, "We have no jewels worth stealing. Only my rings and Annabel's little watch."

"And my ring," said Annabel, holding out her tanned left hand and regarding Tony's ring critically. It was her badge of attachment to Tony, who was ignoring her and talking about assessors.

Next morning Annabel stood beside her fiancé on the deck of the little white steamer and stared ahead at the blue glass of the lake, at the misty mountains. They looked to right and left at the two hamlets on the lake's edge which marked the frontiers between Italy and Switzerland and imagined the invisible line drawn across the smooth water. As they watched, they saw a speedboat skimming close to them and behind it a man on water-skis.

"Look!" said Annabel. "That man on the skis! He's my poet!"

"He is, by Jove!" said Tony, staring. "It's the fellow who was swimming early in the morning."

The speedboat made a wide curve near the steamer, then curved again, making a figure of eight.

"He's trying to throw him off!" said Annabel excitedly. "Showing off to the tourists," Tony remarked. "There! He asked for it!"

The young man swerved and then curved into the water. Annabel saw his head break the surface a full minute later. He was grinning and wiping the water from his eyes.

"Oh, how I should love to be able to do that! Tony, could you do that?"

"No," said Tony shortly.

That evening, before dinner, Annabel went out on to her balcony, hoping that her neighbor would do likewise. She found him already there, seated upon a wooden chair, his

Annabel gasped in astonishment as she saw the young man poised on the rail ready to jump on to her balcony.

To page 51



Take  
De Witt's  
Pills  
for

# SCIATICA and LUMBAGO

Get relief quickly

ORDINARY household tasks, gardening, or any of a hundred activities may bring on the dreaded pain of sciatica and lumbago—but the real cause is often faulty kidneys!

When kidneys become inactive, your system is clogged with toxins and body waste. Knowing the cause of your pain, you may well wonder how to stimulate your kidneys to proper action again. The answer is De Witt's Pills. World famous, sure acting De Witt's Pills go to work stimulating and cleansing your kidneys

immediately—and give you visual evidence of this within 24 hours. Don't suffer one day longer. Buy a bottle of De Witt's Pills from your chemist or storekeeper today.

Economy Size (100 pills) 8/-  
Regular Size (40 pills) 5/-  
New Trial Size (20 pills) 3/-  
(In Vic. 8/- and 5/- only)

Mrs. R.O.V., Camp Hill, Brisbane, writes:—

"My husband has been suffering for the past 4 months with sciatica... and he could not work. I put him on a course of your pills. After the first bottle... he is now back at work." (Original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office).



## DeWitt's PILLS

For Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Joint and Muscle Pains

## Three musts on your bookshelf

● No home library should be without three recently published books—"The World of Science," "The Sea Around Us," and "The Golden Geographic Encyclopedia."

DE LUXE editions of the well-known "Golden Books," these are designed for school pupils but will fascinate adults as well.

Beautifully published, with full-color photographs and illustrations and texts written by world experts, the books make absorbing reading.

"THE SEA AROUND US," by Rachel Carson, has gained best-seller reputation because of the author's scientific knowledge and fine literary style.

She tells the story of the oceans from their "grey beginnings" to the present day.

She talks of life in the sea, huge whales, microscopic plankton, the "living fossil" fish—coelacanth; of tides and wave formations; of the hidden ocean floor, with its mountains and canyons; of great currents such as the Gulf Stream, which in places is 95 miles wide, a mile deep, and flows at nearly three and a half miles an hour.

She describes with clarity how islands are born from volcanic eruptions, how living creatures colonise isolated specks of land far from the nearest Continent; talks of glaciers and earthquakes, the

mighty force of midocean storms.

She writes of the Sargasso Sea, with its drifting islands of seaweed; of early exploration, when the Vikings set course by the sun, moon, and stars towards the shores of North America.

Everything is illustrated by sketch or photograph. The coelacanth is there; so is the Viking ship. Charts show Continents and currents. There are birds and fishes, storm waves and drift ice.

"THE WORLD OF SCIENCE" (sub-titled "Scientists

at Work Today in Many Challenging Fields") contains 265 color photographs and diagrams, deals with geology, astronomy, mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, and engineering.

It talks of cosmic rays from outer space; radio astronomy and galaxies; of molecules and atoms; of genetics—why one person has blue eyes, another brown, why one in a family is tall and thin, another thick-set and burly.

Parents who find it hard to cope with questions put by science-minded youngsters will find the answers here.

With their children, they will find that learning is pleasure when pictures and diagrams show scientists working on problems, using models of molecules, probing the earth's crust, spying the sky through telescopes, experimenting in the growth of plants.

What is air made of? What

causes a rainbow? How does an electronic machine work? This book gives the answers so interestingly that parents will become as absorbed in the text as their children.

"THE GOLDEN GEOGRAPHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA," with 450 picture maps, drawings, and photographs in full color, is not only an atlas but a story of the world as it is—with "nations, cities, populations, oceans, rivers, lakes, flora, fauna, peoples, historic landmarks, crops, trade, and manufacture."

Photographs show cities such as Melbourne, New Guinea pygmies, Chinese fishermen and their sampans, the pagodas of Burma, New York's skyscrapers, Russia's cities and steppes, London's Trafalgar Square.

The text is tightly packed but never dry, is set out alphabetically for easy reference.

### BEAUTY IN BRIEF:

## GOOD FEET ARE A BOON

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Dancers, actresses, and models all "baby" their feet, and so should you, even though yours may not be in the spotlight as much as theirs.

HERE are some simple suggestions for a regular routine of foot care and grooming:

Scrub the feet and toes with a soapy brush once a day, preferably while taking your bath. Rub them vigorously as you dry them.

Use a body or hand-lotion cream or oil on them, or some sort of aromatic preparation that, having been rubbed into the pores, leaves them warm and

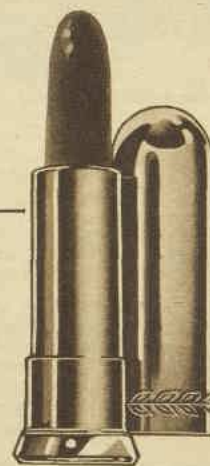
tingling. Massage cream or oil into the feet at least once a week—more often if you can.

Adult ankles are much more likely to keep their young lines if foot elevation also figures in the foot-care programme.

Resting with feet higher than the head whenever possible helps the feet and legs, which carry a considerable load every time they support your weight.

on everyone's  
lips today!

# MY FAIR LADY



new  
coral-rose  
that turns  
a girl into  
a princess

Lournay

Nite 'n' day

24-HOUR LIPSTICK  
LIPSTICK 10/-

SWITCH-STICK REFILLS 6/6

Lournay Cosmetics are recommended by Guild Chemists also leading Department Stores throughout Australia





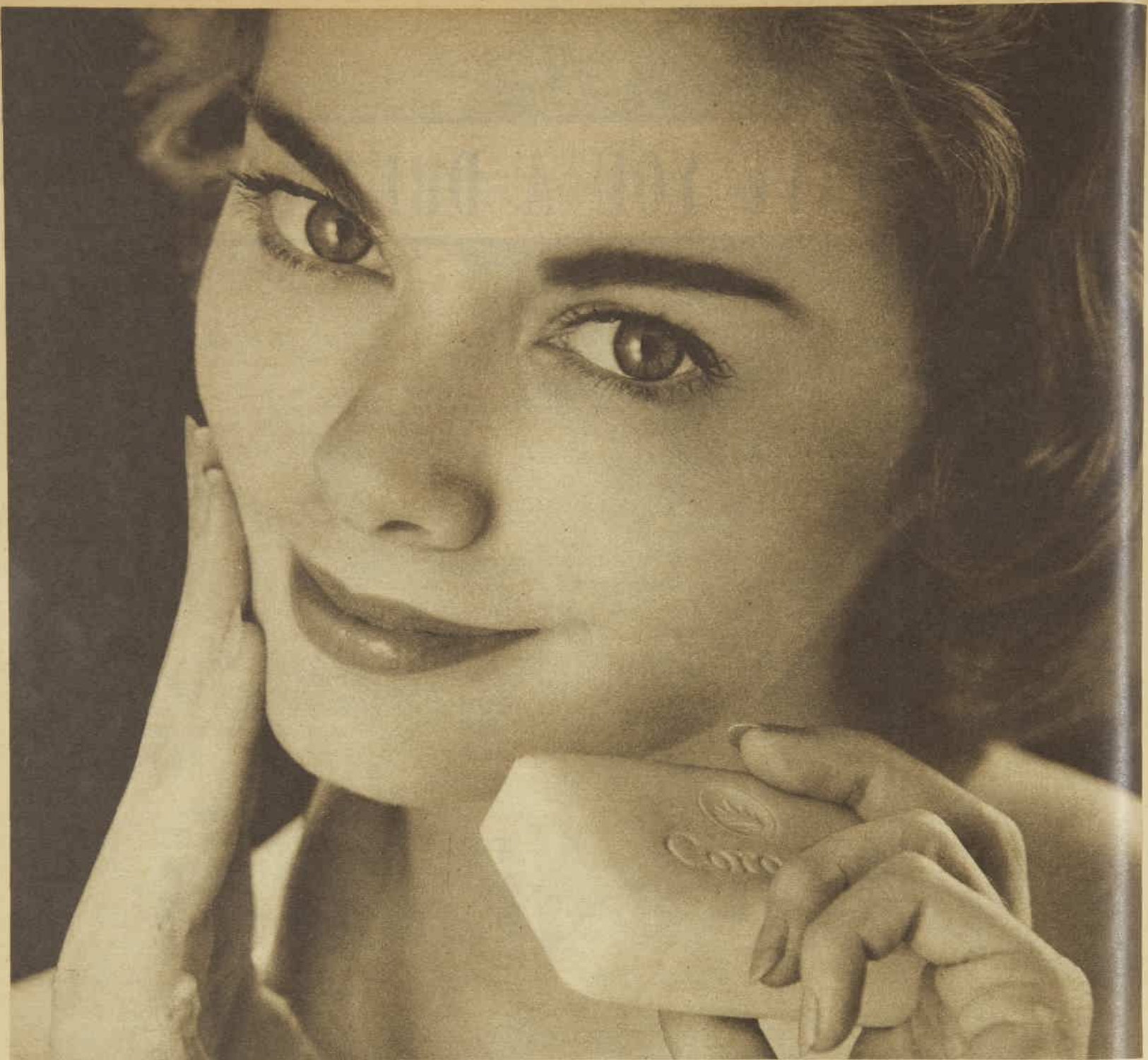
***Six-page  
feature:***

# HAVE YOU A DREAM HOUSE?



● This feature is designed to help you discover the type of house which suits you best. A quiz overleaf will pinpoint your taste. Wellingham House, Sussex, above, owned by Mr. Ian Askew, is a gem of English Georgian architecture. Built in 1818, it is a house to dream about if you yearn for an atmosphere of grace and serenity. On further pages are five houses photographed in color, each an interesting example of Australian building styles, each a dream house for someone.





*It takes a really gentle soap to keep your skin young*

## This is the gentlest soap you'll ever use

CORONET'S LUXURIOUS BEAUTY OILS GIVE YOUR SKIN THAT LOVELY *YOUNG LOOK*. Coronet is a new experience in gentleness for your skin. So rich in gentle beauty oils you can actually *feel* the fragrant lather smoothing your skin. Bring back — and keep — the *young look* you love with Coronet.

### Coronet Toilet Soap

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD., MAKERS OF FINE SOAPS FOR OVER 100 YEARS



*Delicately perfumed with finest French lavender. Available at these popular prices: regular size 10d; bath size 1/3; family size 1/8.*

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## Home Quiz:

# YOU HAVE TASTE — develop confidence in it

● Whether you realise it or not—you have taste. It expresses itself in your clothes, your possessions, and, perhaps more than anything else, in your own home.

**OPINION** as to what constitutes beauty in a home has changed over the years, just as fashions in clothes have changed.

Two factors have influenced the changing style of houses—suitability and comfort.

A Spanish 18th-century villa was built in a style quite distinctive from that of an English thatched cottage because the manner of living of a Spanish gentleman was vastly different from that of an English farmer.

What suited the needs of one was quite unnecessary for the other.

### Modern look

A modern house is not only modern because of its looks—its flat roof and walls of glass. It has assumed its present characteristics because it incorporates all the factors associated with our living standards in Australia today—electric light, electric appliances, motor-cars, lack of help for the housewife, concern with sunlight and fresh air.

But the house that is your home should express your personality. It is up to you to balance your own personal taste with the demands of modern living.

This is sometimes difficult in our world of mass-produced furniture, prefabricated houses, and lack of craftsmen to do individual work.

Also the variety of new building materials available for houses and the constant production of tempting fabrics, wall and floor coverings to decorate them further confuses.

In order to overcome this confusion it is necessary to arrive at some definite view.

Many people are afraid to state their likes and dislikes in case the mysterious "THEY" do not approve.

THEY are decorating rooms in all-white this year, THEY must have a Picasso print on their walls, THEY are collecting Victorian furniture which has been out of favor for years.

Would you be so influenced by these trends as to throw out pieces you love merely because they are unfashionable this year? Or

would you completely redecorate in white because neutrals are "in" this season?

Or would you build up your home lovingly piece by piece to make a background that expresses your personality and fits the type of life you lead?

If you are showing signs of indecision, then confidence in your taste needs boosting.

A good idea is to sit down and list, as comprehensively as you can, what type of person you are and what you definitely do or do not like in a house.

Are you gay and vivacious, and love a crowd, or do you lead a Darby-and-Joan existence, seldom asking visitors to call?

Do you dine formally with candles on the table, or do you prefer a buffet meal lounging in front of the television set?

Is open-plan living in the home your ideal, or have you a hatred of communal habitation, preferring the living and dining areas as separate rooms?

Is it your dream to have every possible appliance in your kitchen, even if the bedrooms and lesser-seen areas of the house are not fully furnished?

### Make a scrapbook

If you find it difficult to be specific about the way you would choose to live, then make a scrapbook. You could collect illustrations of houses and furnishing that appeal to you, as well as pictures of styles or arrangements you don't like.

Then, as you analyse them, you will begin to sort out what it is you find most satisfactory, or unsatisfactory, in each.

There can never be a pat formula for planning the right home for everyone, but the text below has been compiled to help you understand the kind of home that can best contribute to your happiness.

Be scrupulously honest in answering the questions, and read the explanatory paragraphs carefully.

You may find that the house for you is a composite of two or more types.

## Rub-a-dub-dub... twins in a tub!



Paul and Bruce, 4-year-old twin boys of Mrs. Birchhoff, are full of life and always on the go. Mrs. Birchhoff says: "At the end of the day they're worn out—and I am, too! I pour a little Dettol into their bath water and mine. It's most refreshing and invigorating". You, too, will find a Dettol bath is a real reviver.



**Anywhere—anytime** . . . at home and at work those small cuts and abrasions frequently occur. Saying "I'll fix it later!" is no use. "Later" is too late—septic infection may have occurred. Reach for Dettol right away. Dettol helps guard against the risk of infection and aids healthy healing.



**Harry Dearth**, renowned actor-producer of Australia's favourite Radio and TV shows says: "Naturally I depend on my voice. A Dettol gargle soothes and helps protect my throat". Dettol in water brings cool, cool comfort to your throat—and helps to guard against the risk of possible infection.



An ounce of prevention when illness strikes . . . you can help prevent the infection from spreading by giving strict attention to hygiene. Soap and water and Dettol are your best weapons. Wash your hands frequently . . . disinfect the patient's linen and crockery . . . with soap and water and Dettol.

## What type of home for me?

● Here's a detailed quiz to help you answer that question—it will be fun to do, as well as being stimulating and helpful.

It will aid in focusing your attention on the variety of influences to be considered when you plan your new home or consider any decorating problem.

Get a blank sheet of paper and a pencil ready and go ahead.

### PART I—Things you like to do:

In each group of five statements choose the two things that you would like most to do. Choose two, but only two, statements from each group. Make two choices, even if it may be difficult in some instances. When you have chosen a statement, put its number on your blank piece of paper—this will be used later in scoring.

- 1 Go to a parent-teachers' committee meeting.
- 2 Attend a local film.

Continued on page 39

Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your doctor does . . . (ask him) . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential . . . in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . to disinfect linen and crockery. Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic . . . a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

# DETTOL

the safe, efficient ANTISEPTIC



AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS



Buy the best! Serve the best!



# Cottee's

## SOUPS

### IN 6 DELICIOUS FLAVOURS

- Creme of Chicken    ● Pea Soup with Vegetable    ● Thick Vegetable
- Chicken Noodle    ● Tomato and Vegetable    ● Mushroom

#### COTTEE'S PARTY BOOK for FUN AND FARE

Having a party? Send for Cottee's Party Book—40 pages of suggestions, games and recipes for children's parties. Beautiful colour illustrations. Just mail this coupon, with 1/- in stamps or postal notes, with 3 front panels cut from any Cottee's Soup packs (see illus. above) to . . .

"FUN AND FARE"

P.O. Box 28, Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Your name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



## Home Quis: Continued from page 37

- 3 Attend a church service.
- 4 Go to a home-furnishings exhibit.
- 5 Listen to a lecture on the international situation.

- 6 Read the social section of a newspaper.
- 7 Read the editorial section of a newspaper.
- 8 Read the sports section of a newspaper.
- 9 Read the local news in a newspaper.
- 10 Read the household-hints section in a newspaper.

- 11 Shop for a spring hat.
- 12 Browse through old stores for antiques.
- 13 Shop for table-mats or runners.
- 14 Shop for inexpensive second-hand chairs.
- 15 Shop for a beautiful but simple oriental scroll.

- 16 Work in your garden.
- 17 Rummage through old boxes in the attic.
- 18 Plan a dinner for a family or friends.
- 19 Write letters to relatives in other cities.
- 20 Write an entry for a magazine contest.

- 21 Select the materials for making new curtains.
- 22 Make the curtains according to your taste and hang them.
- 23 Explain to others how curtains are selected, made, and hung.
- 24 Show friends the room in which your new curtains are of central interest.
- 25 Find the best possible decorator to handle curtain problems.

### PART II—Things you like or don't like:

Again, choose two statements out of each group of five. Select the two things you like best of those listed within the group (even if you don't really like any of them or like them all). But be sure to choose two, but not more than two, from each block of five. Record your selection by number, just as you did for Part I.



- 26 Admiration from your friends.
- 27 Loyalty from your friends.
- 28 Affection from your friends.
- 29 Respect from your friends.
- 30 Attention from your friends.

- 31 Picnics.
- 32 Cocktail parties.
- 33 Cafeteria meals.
- 34 Tea-room luncheons.
- 35 Buffet dinners.

- 36 Mathematics.
- 37 Literature.
- 38 Dramatics.
- 39 Social psychology.
- 40 Applied sciences.

- 41 Optimists.
- 42 Polite people.
- 43 Witty people.
- 44 Logical people.
- 45 Thrifty, practical people.

- 46 A job with a respectable-sounding title.
- 47 Steady employment.
- 48 Congenial personal relations on the job.
- 49 Opportunity to try out your ideas.
- 50 Variety in the work to avoid monotony.

### PART III—Choose the two statements:

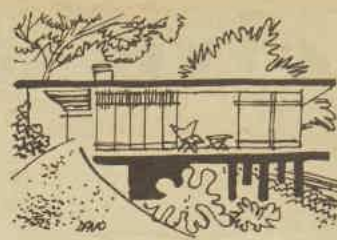
Select those ones that you feel describe yourself best. Choose the two best from each group whether or not you feel that they really describe you accurately. The over-all pattern of answers is what counts, not a particular individual case. But don't skip any, or your score will suffer. Make the best choices you can and record them as before.

- 51 A good mixer socially.
- 52 Thorough in every detail.
- 53 Completely reliable.
- 54 Quite aggressive.
- 55 Always natural and at ease.

- 56 Have a great many friends.
- 57 Have few, but close, friends.
- 58 Inclined to be quiet and a little self-effacing.
- 59 Make friends casually under almost any conditions.
- 60 Enjoy and depend, to some extent, on the attention of others.

- 61 Like to argue, but even-tempered.
- 62 Quite conciliatory in most situations.

• When you have completed this quiz you should know fairly well which type of house is best for you and your family.



- 63 Enjoy being different from the run of the mill.
- 64 Go along with the crowd if personal matters are not involved.
- 65 Make every effort to avoid or forestall disputes.

- 66 Quite precise about details.
- 67 Leave details to others whenever possible.
- 68 Very good at conceiving and developing plans.
- 69 Best at administering plans already established.
- 70 Like to "plan as you go along."

- 71 Good at looking at problems from every possible viewpoint.
- 72 Good at adapting old ideas or materials to new uses.
- 73 Good at thinking up unusual and new ideas quickly.
- 74 Good at spotting defects or deficiencies in daily situations.
- 75 Good at breaking away completely from habitual thinking.

- 76 Are objective and open-minded.
- 77 Have strong opinions and are not afraid to back them up.
- 78 Enjoy telling jokes to groups of people.
- 79 Like to play around with ideas, especially novel ones.
- 80 Do not care much about other people's opinions about yourself.

- 81 Like to talk to two or three people with similar interests.
- 82 Enjoy being a part of a fairly large social group.
- 83 Like private chats with influential persons.
- 84 Like to chat with old friends, one at a time.
- 85 Enjoy talking to anybody, if he is not pressed for time.

- 86 Like to live in the city, particularly Sydney or Melbourne.
- 87 Prefer the characteristics of suburban life.
- 88 Like to be isolated from noise, people, centres of activity.
- 89 Restlessness urges change of location every few years.
- 90 Like "elbow room," even if the place may be a bit run down.

- 91 Foreigners stimulate and enrich your life.
- 92 Distrustful of "foreigners" though perhaps you like some.
- 93 Find it almost impossible to answer an ambiguous question.
- 94 Have no trouble at all answering ambiguous questions.
- 95 Consider possible results before deciding questions of ethics.

- 96 Take life very seriously, regret that others don't do so more.
- 97 Take life lightly, a day at a time.
- 98 Prefer to be a big fish in a little pond.
- 99 Would rather be a little fish in a big pond.
- 100 Look on life as an experiment — no one knows the answers.

- 101 Outwardly a good loser, but it rankles for a long time inside.
- 102 A hard loser in every respect — and show it.
- 103 Easy come, easy go — a good loser with no grudges.
- 104 Act like a poor loser at the time, but really accept it philosophically.
- 105 Very unemotional — act and feel almost the same whether you win or lose.

- 106 Consider most people, "the masses," rather stupid.
- 107 Consider almost everyone, saint or sinner, basically good.
- 108 Consider all but close friends potentially, if not actually, suspicious.
- 109 Accept everyone as a good person until proved wrong.
- 110 Consider only people with colorful personalities as "worth while."

- 111 Believe in actual physical Hell in the hereafter.
- 112 Think most people should believe in Hell for their own good.
- 113 Consider Hell a superstition carried over from the old days.
- 114 Feel that actually everybody will really go to Heaven.
- 115 Do not care whether there is a Hell or not.

- 116 Are tactful out of an inner sense of kindness.
- 117 Want to be tactful, but in being earnest sometimes lose tact.
- 118 Tact is an instrument — to be used where it will do most good.
- 119 Feel honesty comes before tact, except in special situations.
- 120 Kindly — but rarely conscious of the concept of tact.

- 121 Thin-skinned; feelings are fairly easily hurt.
- 122 Thick-skinned; not bothered by what others say about you.
- 123 Become flustered when under observation or supervision.
- 124 Like sharing rewards and responsibility as member of a "team."
- 125 Accept supervision only if the supervisor is a qualified superior.

Continued on page 42



# Five styles in contrast...



**LINK WITH THE PAST.** "Yengo," a beautiful old pink sandstone house clad in Virginia creeper, is set in eight acres of ground at Mt. Wilson, N.S.W. Now retained as the country home of Mr. and Mrs. K. W. Thomas, of Sydney, "Yengo" was built in 1875, and since that time the house has had only four owners.



**CONVERSION** of a ramshackle weatherboard schoolhouse into the charming cottage that is now their home was achieved by Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Skurray, of Turramurra, Sydney. The old-fashioned garden has a dovecot, winding paths.

**AN** unforgettable house like this, with its old-fashioned charm or story, its history does not fade. The house is a success. It suits its surroundings, built, and has that "something" that do not illustrate the types and explain the absorbing occasion.

In choosing a house you must consider the person you are, the kind of life you want. Consider your taste and purse. You may not get the house best suited to reality.

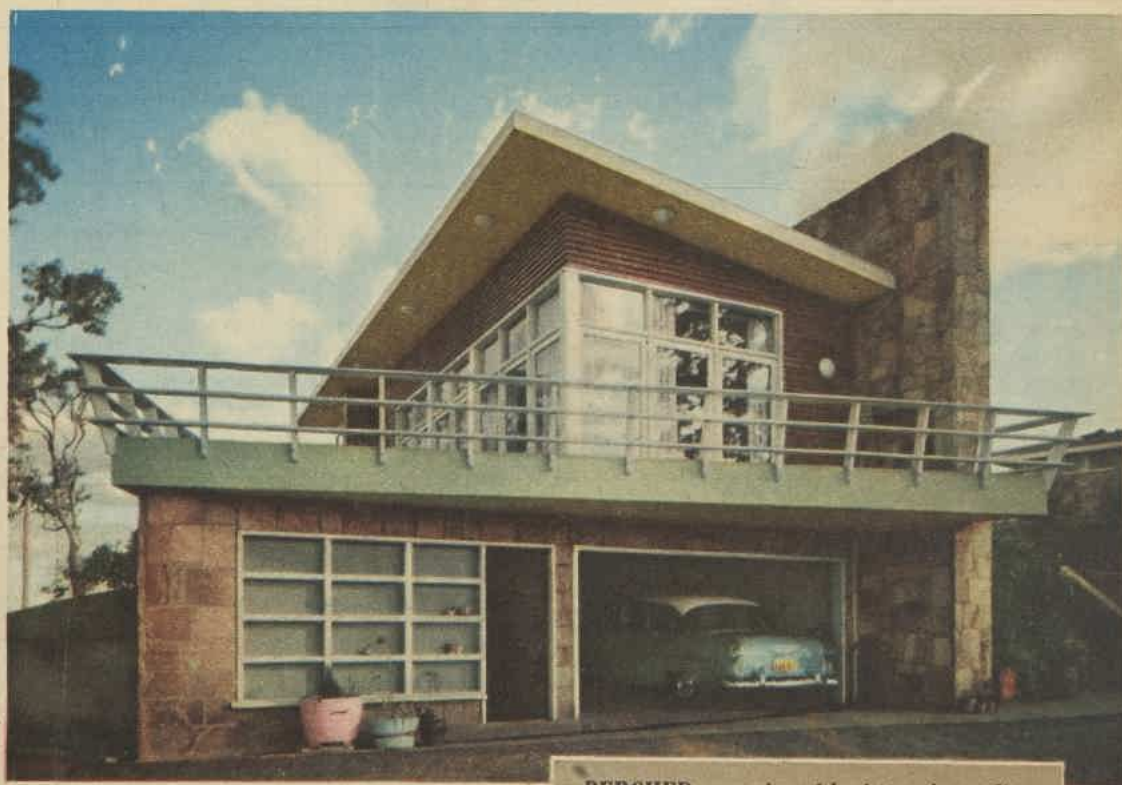






**HOUSE WITH A FUTURE.** A superb outlook to the shallows of Middle Harbor dictated the design when Mr. and Mrs. G. Dusseldorp built at Middle Cove, Sydney. The house, hexagonal in shape and on two levels, is air-conditioned. From the street side, interest is first focused on the roof covering of crushed marble.

sees an immediate impact. It may have old-  
- and contemporary lines, but its first impres-  
- sion shown here contrast greatly, yet each is a  
- house, achieves the purpose for which it was  
- built, "extra" for lasting interest. These houses  
- are described in our quiz, but their variety does  
- not detract from the pleasure of planning the house you would like.  
- You will need to weigh in the balance the sort of  
- life you lead, and the family who will share  
- your interests, possessions, space needed, and your  
- house of your dreams—but it will be the one



**PERCHED** on a rise with vistas of coastline and hills before it is Mr. and Mrs. S. Waugh's house at Mt. Ousley, N.S.W. The soaring modern design is appropriate to its mountain background and extensive view.

**GUM-TREE SETTING** flatters the classically simple lines of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Worrall's home at Turramurra, Sydney. Variegated stone chimney is an imaginative addition to the house, which the owners designed.



## SCORING INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE TEST

- It's fun to do the test with several friends and compare scores — then discuss why your scores are similar or different.

The scoring is based on five TYPES of homes. Each choice you made in the test counts one point for one or another of the types.

Below are the home types with a brief description of each—and the test answers that count for that particular type. Your score can easily be added up by totalling the responses you made which are counted for Type A, B, C, D, or E.

### TYPE A—Contemporary Conventional.

This type of home is best exemplified by houses offering in a suburban development. The house is usually pretty new, though it may need some repairs; is designed for efficient, modern life, although rooms are likely to be small compared with older houses. It has many electrical gadgets to reduce the drudgery of household chores; often comparatively new materials will have been used. Ceilings are likely to be low; there is little space between the house and the neighbor's. It would be possible to hear each other's Hi-Fi and TV sets. It is a fairly standard Australian home—clean, convenient.

**SCORING POINTS:** 1, 9, 11, 18, 24, 26, 31, 39, 41, 46, 54, 56, 64, 69, 71, 78, 83, 87, 95, 99, 101, 107, 112, 118, 124.

### TYPE B—Old-fashioned.

Usually found in smaller towns or in the older sections of a city. It is likely to be rather small in terms of number of rooms, but the rooms may be more spacious than in Type A, the ceilings higher, and there may be both an attic and cellar. Antiques and heirlooms may dominate the furnishings. There is likely to be a piano and perhaps no TV. There will be detail and ornamentation in furnishings. Pictures will be reproductions of old artists like Landseer. Family treasures and quaint pieces of furniture will give the home a quiet charm, but one not too intimately geared to the demands of modern life.

**SCORING POINTS:** 3, 6, 13, 19, 22, 27, 34, 37, 42, 48, 53, 58, 65, 66, 74, 77, 84, 88, 92, 96, 102, 108, 111, 116, 121.

### TYPE C—Modernistic, Sophisticated.

Severe, chic, efficient—a minimum of ornamentation and a maximum of built-in gadgets. An emphasis on efficiency and expensive elegance. Much glass used to bring in light from outside. Ingenious use of concealed artificial light. Straight lines and smooth, sleek surfaces predominate. Objects of Japanese origin often used for decoration. Interior itself may reflect a strong Japanese influence. Severe, sophisticated, and often charming.

**SCORING POINTS:** 5, 7, 15, 20, 25, 29, 35, 36, 44, 49, 52, 57, 61, 68, 75, 76, 81, 86, 93, 100, 105, 106, 113, 119, 125.

### TYPE D—"Barn into a House."

This house gives maximum expression to the owner's personality. The house may figuratively have been made from a barn, with many old objects converted to uses entirely unrelated to their previous functions (e.g., a spinning-wheel made over into a floor lamp). Extensive use is often made of bargain materials, used originally. The house is usually in a state of change and alteration. It represents creative activity and is highly personalised.

**SCORING POINTS:** 4, 10, 12, 17, 21, 30, 32, 38, 43, 50, 51, 60, 63, 70, 72, 79, 82, 89, 91, 98, 104, 110, 115, 117, 123.

### TYPE E—"House into a Barn."

This type of house is large, and follows no set style or design — although at one time it may have. The occupant is one who wants room and freedom from restrictions and social pressures of all kinds. The house may have been an old mansion, now repaired and more functional than ever before. It shows little external reflection of the occupant's personality except for its practicality and haphazard style. It has an air of informality—has had nothing done for the impression it will make. It is a good place in which to work, rest, and pursue special interests. There is a maximum of space.

**SCORING POINTS:** 2, 8, 14, 16, 23, 28, 33, 40, 45, 47, 55, 59, 62, 67, 73, 80, 85, 90, 94, 97, 103, 109, 114, 120, 122.

When you have added up the total number of points "earned" for each of the above five types, you will be able to evaluate your test in this way:

**21 or More Points:** Shows a definite compatibility between your personality and interest pattern, and the type of home indicated. It would be worth while to spend time investigating these possibilities further in the light of your own situation.

**16 to 20 Points:** This type of home should receive your serious consideration, too; but keep a wary eye open for characteristics that might not suit you.

**11 to 15 Points:** This type of home has both advantages and disadvantages about evenly balanced for you.

**6 to 10 Points:** There seem to be substantial elements in your interest and personality patterns that do not fit this type of home very well. If this does not seem to agree with your personal feelings, investigate the situation carefully.

**0 to 5 Points:** Such a wide discrepancy between your personality and interest patterns and those that appear to be suited to this type of house suggests that you spend most of your time and effort considering types of houses on which you made a higher score.

From "Decorating Begins With You," by Mary Jean Alexander, published by Doubleday and Company, Inc., New York.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 3, 1959



**It Drops Cleanly**

TO SEASON  
YOUR MEALS



**It Pours Freely**

TO FLAVOUR  
YOUR RECIPES



# HOLBROOKS

**LOOK**

for the name  
**HOLBROOKS**  
Australia's largest-  
selling Worcestershire



HOLBROOKS—makers of Worcestershire, Tomato and Anchovy Sauces, Vinegars, Sweet Ketchup, Sweet Mustard Sauce, Sweet Gherkins, Cocktail Onions, Sweet Mustard Pickles, French Capers, Spanish Olives, Fish and Meat Pastes, Parisian Essence.



# Classic Sauces

By LEILA C. HOWARD,  
*Our Food and Cookery Expert*

● A chef who can make a really good sauce is a highly regarded man in his profession — he knows that a smooth, well-flavored sauce is the foundation of many of the most famous of French dishes.

## BECHAMEL (White Sauce)

One pint milk, 1 small onion, 3 cloves, bayleaf, pinch cayenne, 1 to 1½ oz. good shortening, 1 to 1½ oz. flour, salt.

Pour milk into saucepan, add peeled onion (into which the cloves have been stuck), bayleaf, and cayenne. Heat to boiling, stand aside at least 5 minutes and lift out onion and bayleaf. Melt shortening in separate saucepan, add flour and cook slowly without coloring for 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Allow to cool, add hot milk gradually, stir until sauce thickens. Simmer 10 minutes, add salt. Cover closely.

Variations.—*Mornay*: Add grated cheese; *Tartare* (hot): Add chopped capers, gherkins, and parsley; *Poulette*: Add fresh cream, egg-yolks, and lemon juice.

## VELOUTE (Creamy Sauce)

One to one and a quarter ounces good shortening, 1 to 1½ oz. flour, 1 pint white stock, salt, seasonings as desired.

Melt shortening, blend in flour and cook slowly 8 to 10 minutes until mixture colors slightly, cool. Add hot stock gradually, stirring briskly to prevent formation of lumps. Simmer 15 to 20 minutes, add salt and other seasonings to taste. Strain if necessary, cover closely.

Variations.—*Allemande*: Add extra butter and egg-yolks; *Cardinal*: Use fish stock and add crushed lobster; *Supreme*: Add fresh cream.

## ESPAGNOLE (Brown Sauce)

One onion, 1 carrot, 1 stalk celery, 1½ to 1½ oz. shortening, 1½ to 1½ oz. flour (lightly browned in the oven), 1 pint brown stock, ½ pint tomato puree, 1 oz. bacon, salt, herbs, and seasonings as desired.

Dice vegetables finely, add to melted shortening and cook 5 minutes. Blend in flour, cook slowly 10 minutes; cool. Add hot stock slowly, stirring well. When thickened add tomato puree, bacon, and herbs, simmer 40 minutes. Season, strain, and cover closely.

Variations.—*Reform*: Add strips of gherkin, mushroom, cooked egg-white, and red-currant jelly; *Bordelaise*: Add garlic, chopped parsley, and red wine; *Portugaise*: Add cooked tomatoes and garlic.

## TOMATO SAUCE

One rasher bacon, 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 bayleaf, pinch herbs, 1½ oz. shortening, 1½ oz. flour, 1 pint white stock, 1 lb. tomatoes, salt, sugar.

Dice bacon and vegetables finely. Add to melted shortening with bayleaf and herbs, cook slowly 15 minutes. Stir in flour, cook 10 minutes. Cool, stir in hot stock and skinned chopped tomatoes. Simmer 45 minutes, strain, and season with salt and sugar. Cover closely.

**H**ERE are the main essentials in the preparation of a good sauce in the traditional French manner:

- The roux, which is the culinary term used for the cooked flour and shortening mixture.
- The basic stock, which may be milk, a white stock made from fish, poultry, or white meats, or a brown stock which is prepared from browned meat and bones, and various vegetables.
- The flavorings, which will vary according to the dish.

There are four basic classical hot sauces — *Bechamel*, *Veloute*, *Espagnole*, and *Tomato*.

*Bechamel* is made from flavored milk stock, and the roux cooked but not colored. A white stock is used with a pale-colored roux for *Veloute* Sauce; a browned roux and brown stock are necessary for *Espagnole*.

Opinions vary on the color of the roux and stock for *Tomato* Sauce—a pale tomato sauce can be served with veal or lamb dishes; a richer-colored sauce is better with beef.

Slow cooking of the flour and shortening roux mixture is most important for a smooth sauce. The traditional technique then is to add boiling stock to the cooled roux mixture.

In place of ordinary flour for sauces, many modern chefs are using pure starches such as cornflour, arrowroot, or potato flour.

The amount of shortening and flour will vary depending on thickness desired—1 oz. each of shortening and flour to one pint stock makes a thin sauce; 1½ oz. of each, medium; 1½ oz. of each, thick.

Sauces will thicken on standing and reheating.

To prevent a skin forming on top of the sauce cover closely with a piece of greased paper or aluminium foil.







## Mink Soft!

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The Touch of

**WHITE RAIN**

the superlative shampoo... 5/-



# Prizewinning pork dish

● Succulent pork, simply cooked, wins a £5 prize in our cookery contest.

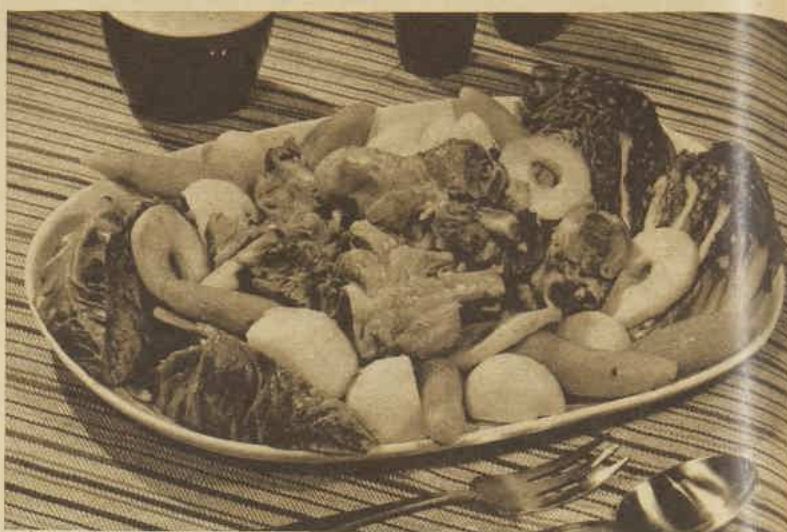
**T**IME and fuel have been saved with the prizewinning dish this week, with meat and vegetables being cooked in the one saucepan.

All spoon measurements are level.

### PORK SHANKS WITH RED CABBAGE

Two or three fresh or smoked pork shanks, cold water, salt, pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 6 medium-sized carrots, 6 medium-sized potatoes, 1 red cabbage, 12 caraway seeds, 1 or 2 green apples, 1 tablespoon shortening.

Have butcher remove skin from shanks, and cut each one in halves crosswise. Wash thoroughly, then place in a large saucepan. Cover with cold water, add about 1 teaspoon salt if using fresh shanks, pinch pepper, and vinegar. Cover and bring to the boil. Reduce heat, simmer 1½ hours. Skim surface of stock in saucepan, add scraped carrots, peeled halved potatoes, and cabbage, which has been cut into quarters. Place 3 caraway seeds in each cabbage quarter, cover and cook until vegetables are tender. Cut peeled and cored apples into ½ in.-thick slices, fry in heated shortening until



lightly browned on both sides. Serve meat and vegetables with the following sauce.

**Horseradish Sauce:** Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 2½ tablespoons flour, 2 cups evaporated milk, or use 1 cup milk and 1 cup stock, salt and pepper to taste, pinch nutmeg, 3 to 4 tablespoons grated horseradish (fresh or bottled), 1 tablespoon ground almonds.

Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, cook 2 minutes. Gradually add milk, and stir until sauce boils and thickens; cook further 3 minutes. Season to taste, then add horseradish and ground almonds.

**Note:** If using fresh horseradish, peel, moisten with vinegar, then grate and cover with a little milk or lemon juice to prevent discoloring.

**First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Walker, 7 Seabrook St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.**

**SATISFYING** and nutritious meal-of pork, potatoes, carrots, apple rings, and red cabbage served with horseradish sauce. The easy-to-make recipe is given on this page.

### FAMILY DISH

**OVEN-COOKED** hamburgers flavored with bacon and bananas are this week's family dish.

The cost is about 8/- to 8/6 for a family of five.

#### OVEN-COOKED HAMBURGERS

One and a half pounds minced steak, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 skinned chopped tomato, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon fruit chutney, 1 onion, 1 egg, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon gravy powder, 1 cup water or stock, 2 large bananas, 2 or 3 bacon rashers.

Combine steak, breadcrumbs, parsley, tomato, tomato sauce, chutney, finely chopped onion, and beaten egg. Season with salt and pepper. Mould a spoonful at a time into hamburger shapes. Place in a greased casserole. Blend gravy powder with the water or stock, pour over the hamburgers. Cover and bake in a moderate oven one hour. Arrange banana slices, cut lengthwise, on hamburgers. Cover with bacon, bake 15 minutes.



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Be Sure to TUNE IN TO PECK'S TV SHOW—"Our Miss Brooks," Sydney, Channel 9, 6 P.M., Sundays.



# U-shape design



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows Home Plan No. 672 constructed in brick. This design would also look attractive in less expensive materials such as timber or fibro. The front porch leads directly to the living-room.

- An excellent house for a growing family. The main rooms open on to a porch, terrace, and patio which allow plenty of space for outdoor living in summer.

An interesting version of the U-shape is incorporated in this week's Home Plan, No. 672 in our series.

Plans for this can be bought from any of our Home Planning Centres. (See panel below right.)

These standard plans are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specifications. The fee is £7/7/-.

## Free service

We publish a new standard plan each week.

At our Home Planning Centres, free advisory service on any aspect of planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home is given.

Plans are also specially prepared to any reader's individual requirements or design, or can be modified from any of our standard plans. Fee, £1/1/- per square.

Readers may use any of our standard designs as the basis for their own individual plan. Smaller or larger rooms may be required, a different roof may be preferred, an additional bedroom perhaps provided as a future project, and so on.

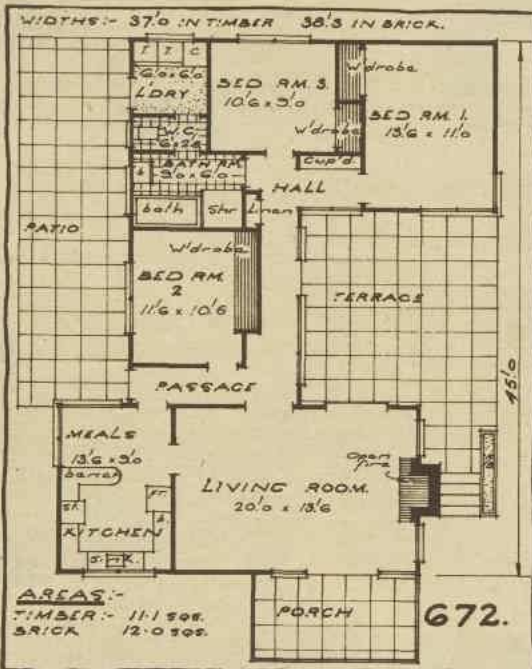
Our Home Planning Centres will prepare a ground-plan sketch to your own instructions for the fee of two guineas, so that you have a scale drawing of the new layout to study before you make the final decision on your plan.

The ground-plan sketch shows the overall size of the house, the positions and sizes of the rooms, the layout of the kitchen and bathroom, doors, windows, etc.

It is an excellent working basis for arriving at the ideal design for your new home. It is also valuable for preliminary cost discussion with your builder.

Designed to take advantage of a good climate, the house we show on this page has a spacious terrace leading to the entrance and a sun porch outside the living-room.

A third terrace, secluded from street view, runs down the side of the house. It is conveniently near the kitchen,



FLOOR PLAN of this three-bedroom house. There is plenty of cupboard space with fitted wardrobes in all of the bedrooms.

and can be reached without crossing through any room.

The kitchen faces front, and there is a meals corner, which is surrounded by glass and overlooks the patio.

As well as having the advantage of three aspects, the living-room opens on to terrace and porch to provide a large entertaining area.

## Building costs

Total area of this house is 12 squares in brick and 11.1 squares in timber or fibro.

Approximate building costs would be:

In New South Wales: Brick, £5175; timber, £3795; fibro, £3565.

In Victoria: Brick, £4595; brick veneer, £4065; timber, £3255; fibro, £3165.

In South Australia: Brick, £3695; timber, £3285; asbestos, £3195.

In Queensland: Brick, £5085; timber, £3415; fibro, £3295.

In Canberra: Brick, £5575; timber, £3945.

In Tasmania: Brick, £4955; timber, £3485.

## WHERE TO BUY THIS PLAN

THE plan shown on this page can be bought for £7/7/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres, which have been established in conjunction with leading stores.

MAIL ORDERS should give the number of the design and should state the building material to be used. Please include fee.

Addresses of the Centres are:

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

HOBART: Fitz-Gerald's.

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Fridays and Saturdays only.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

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Then you can work all tomorrow, don't you agree, Ida?"

Aunt Ida said, "I will heat the milk, Julie, you go up to bed now."

Brian collected the tray, ate two biscuits, and drank the milk. He propped up his pillows and put his notebook on his knee. But somehow, in a short while, he began to feel drowsy. It was only as he drifted into the deep clouds of sleep that he recollected the milk had tasted a little bitter.

He woke early next morning. His head was clear—it was the best night's sleep he had had for months.

After breakfast he went to work. The Aunts fussed him at intervals with snacks, meals to time, and placid comments on life in general.

The next day the routine was repeated.

On the third day the synopsis of the new story was finished. Somewhat apprehensively Brian rang Mark Stringer.

His exquisite secretary asked exquisitely who he was, and said that Mr. Stringer was in conference with an Idea, but she would see if she could get him; as it was a trunk-call.

Brian waited. Then Stringer's voice (with all the accents of Europe in it) cracked down the line.

"Brian? Is that you, Mark is here. Where are you?"

"Working. Mark, listen. I've got a wonderful twist on the story."

Brian told him briefly, said that a copy of the outline was in the post, but that he wanted to get his reactions to the idea. Mark gave them.

"You are crazy. No? Two old ladies with wanderlust? Two old ladies let loose with twenty thousand pounds? What do I care about them financing a tea planter in Ceylon—a barber's shop in the Canary Isles, a mobile hair-dressing salon in the Australian bush. You are mad! These people are not significant. They are not people fighting a rising cost of living—"

"People fighting the rising cost of living need to have a good laugh—"

"A good laugh? What sort of a director do you think I am? I. The man who made 'The Death of a People,' 'The Dead Country,' 'The Strikers in the Dust Bowl.' You think I want to make a funny picture?"

"You read the story," said Brian, who was beginning to agree with Mark that perhaps he was mad after all, "then you may change your mind." "I never change my mind. That's why I am the man I am."

"Mark, listen—"

"I'm coming down to see you. You are mad. We have studios booked, stars under contract—and you start this with a new idea. We are behindhand already. Wait—I will be with you in three hours."

Shaking, Brian replaced the receiver. Ida, who had left him alone for the telephone call, came into the room.

"Well, dear? What did Mr. Stringer have to say?"

"Everything," groaned Brian, "and he's coming down to talk to me. In three hours' time—"

"Oh. In that case he'll be in time for tea. We must get a cream cake."

Brian collapsed on to the sofa. The vision of Mark Stringer faced with a cream cake and a mutinous script-writer was grounds for heart failure.

At half-past three Mark Stringer arrived—but not alone. As his car drew up with a jolt that made it roll on its high springs, Aileen, her auburn hair glinting in the sunlight, stepped out of the car.

Brian's mouth tightened. He walked down the little drive to greet them.

Aileen shrugged, "Mark insisted I come. He's under the

impression I have some influence over you. I told him he was quite wrong."

Mark turned on Brian, flamboyant, flustered, white hair flowing furiously. "So! This is where you dream up funny ideas like this," he roared, brandishing a mangled copy of Brian's story.

Brian ignored this and said, "When I've talked to you about it in detail—"

Mark exploded, "Details would only make it worse—this global charade—it is fantastic—"

Weakly Brian said, "Won't you come in? The Aunts are waiting."

Aileen led the procession up the drive and Brian conducted them into the sitting-room where the Aunts awaited them—the tea-table laid and the cream cake glistening snugly on a silver plate. It was difficult for even a famous director to boom and gesticulate while two old ladies waited with quiet dignity for him to pay his respects.

Mark paid them with two low bows, and kissed Aunt Ida's hand.

"You must both," she said to Aileen and Mark, "be wanting a cup of tea after your journey."

Mark, who thought nothing of travelling from London to New York and back within three days, looked astonished for a second, and then relaxed. His big frame filled out his armchair, and he said, "So nice—"

Aileen said, "How lovely. And your house is charming."

The Aunts between them, for Brian was by now speechless, talked happily of the weather, the cost of tea, the owl they had heard hunting last night, and had Mr. Stringer read the fourth leader in "The Times" today?

Brian watched and did not believe his eyes. Mark, who was highly sensitive even if he did ride roughshod over all people, seemed in an extraordinary fashion to be enjoying himself.

He enthralled the Aunts with stories of owls whose cries petrified their victims so that they could not move. He praised the china tea and he ate three pieces of cream cake.

"Sweet cakes—I love them. But for my figure—"

Aunt Ida said, "Better fat and happy than thin and grouchy," and Brian, who knew how conscious Mark was of his figure, waited for the explosion.

It did not come, but Mark boomed for the first time, "Ah! How right you are. So that I won't be grouchy—another piece, please?"

Aunt Julie dimpled and passed the plate.

Finally Mark said that even if he became a grouch he could not eat any more. And Aunt Ida said, "Now, I'm sure you want to discuss Brian's story, so we ladies," nodding at Aileen and Aunt Julie, "will leave you to talk alone—"

"Please," Mark jumped up, "there is no need. The story is charming, funny, too. But it is not for me. You see I do not feel funny stories."

Ida said, "I believe that you never know what you can do until you try."

"But—I am not wanting to try."

"Lewis Carroll," continued Aunt Ida blandly, "was a brilliant mathematician. His mathematical opus 'An Elementary Treatise on Determinants' was a highly serious work. But," and Aunt Ida lifted a jewelled hand in that old nursery gesture demanding attention, "how the world has laughed at 'Alice in Wonderland.' Mr. Carroll could be both serious and amusing."

"Carroll was a genius—"

"are not you?"

Mark, who frequently belaboured about his genius, took a deep breath. Then he whispered, "Yes. Yes, I am. 'The

## Continuing . . . THE AUNTS

Dead Country' was hailed by every critic—"

"Then," said Aunt Ida quietly, "you should apply it towards giving the world a little laughter. It is your duty."

"My duty! Madam, my duty is towards myself—towards my art—my own personal integrity—"

"which," interrupted Aunt Ida, "would not exist, Mr. Stringer, unless you had a public to applaud it. One can't be a genius in a vacuum, you know."

For one suspended moment of time Brian thought Mark would throw Aunt Ida through the french windows.

Suddenly Mark jumped up. He gave a great hoarse cry of exultation.

"I will do it! I will make a funny picture with a serious message."

Brian jumped up, too. "Mark—you will? You'll go ahead? I'll get the new idea scripted in a month—"

"I must go back to London. I must get the producer to okay it—and the backer."

Aileen rose gracefully. Aunt Ida bowed. Julie said, "You see, dear Mr. Stringer, it'll all come right in the end."

"I hope so—but you do not know backers. Madam, they put money into pictures and won't leave it at that. They

He who serves well his country has no need of ancestors.

—Voltaire

want to put ideas in as well."

Brian said, "May I show you the way out?"

In five minutes Mark's car had spurted off towards London and suddenly the house was as dead and quiet as a forgotten cupboard, until Aunt Ida said to Brian, "I think, dear, that you were not very polite to Aileen."

Brian gasped, "Didn't you see how cool she was to me?"

Aunt Julie said softly, "There's a difference, Brian, dear—she was just doing her job. After all, she's responsible to Mr. Stringer, not to you, dear—however much she may love you."

"Love me?"

"But of course she does—I saw it every time she looked at you."

During the next two days Brian aged considerably. Despite the Aunts' well-regulated routine, and hot milk at night, he was as jumpy as a marionette. It was all very well for Mark to be convinced—but backers were all-important people. And if the backer, a certain sour-faced Mr. Rawlins who had made a fortune out of estate promotion, was against it—Mark would be powerless.

On the third day Aileen rang up. She announced herself crisply to Brian as "Miss Roberts, Story Department." Brian, his heart in his mouth, answered as coldly as he could, "What can I do for you?"

"I'm coming to see you. Mark wants me to talk over some alterations—"

"—You mean," shouted Brian, "that he's got the idea agreed?"

"Oh, yes—this morning."

Without thinking, Brian said, "Oh, darling . . ." And without thinking Aileen answered, "I know, darling—isn't it wonderful?"

"Aunts, Aunts!" shouted Brian, "Mark's going to do our story!"

Ida and Julie hurried into the room. Incoherently Brian explained. When he said Aileen was arriving after lunch, the Aunts forgot the story and thought entirely of the best tea-service and coffee cream cake.

At three o'clock Brian met Aileen at the station. Ten

from page 29

minutes later Brian promised to give Aileen a new lipstick by way of a wedding present and said it was about time they started back for tea.

Aileen laughed, "Mark drinks tea now—and eats cream cake. He's a changed man. He completely stunned the conference this morning. He glared at the art director and snarled, 'I want men about me who can laugh.' And he began blitting the casting director the moment we got to town. Madge Hay's going to play one of the old ladies."

An hour later Aunt Ida was just pouring a third cup of tea for Aileen, saying, "And after you're married—"

when there was the sound of a car drawing to a fierce halt outside, and the next moment the front doorbell rang.

Brian jumped up and looked through the window.

"Oh! Aunts—stand by for action—it's Mark."

Mark bounded into the hall. "You are in—good. The old ladies—they are in? Good."

Pushing Brian ahead of him, he marched into the sitting-room.

Julie dimpled and Ida said graciously, "Mr. Stringer—what a pleasant surprise."

Mark beamed. Then he said, "I am going mad!"

Julie said in hushed tones, "Poor Mr. Stringer—a nice cup of tea and I'm sure you'll feel better."

"Nothing," said Mark dogmatically, accepting the tea, "can make me better."

Aileen asked, "Won't Victoria Massingham play the other old lady?"

Mark stirred his tea and moaned, "She is all tied up—unbreakable contracts. We have Madge Hay, all right. But the other old lady—there is no one."

"Without the right person—the part, the story are no good. If I make a funny picture—it must be funny. Think of the critics—think what they would do to me if I wasn't funny. They would annihilate me—you see."

Brian said, "But, Mark—there must be someone."

Mark, suddenly quiet, said, "There is one person, one only, and I have thought. I have decided."

Breathlessly they all stared at him.

Mark was glaring fixedly at Ida.

"Madam," he began, and then, quailing at Ida's lifted eyebrows, turned to Julie.

"Miss Julie, will you play the part of the old lady in my picture?"

And Aunt Julie, with one sob, buried her head in her hands and burst into tears.

Ida rose stiffly and put her arm round her sister.

Mark, appalled at the effect of his words, wrung his hands tragically.

"I am so sorry," he whispered, "so sorry—it was a shock—I am a brute—"

In a small but very concerned circle they stood round Aunt Julie. After a quick dab at her eyes, she said tremulously, "I feel really quite better now. And I want to thank Mr. Stringer for . . . for wanting me to act in his story. You see—I always wanted to be an actress."

Aunt Ida said with relief, "Of course, dear—"

"—and," continued Julie, her voice light and soft as a feather, "to ask him if he will give me a little time to think about it."

"Julie! Surely you don't seriously consider acting—at your age?"

"I know you disapprove, Ida—but I do want to consider it."

Then Mark went into the

attack. He could contain himself no longer. For a start he promised Aunt Julie the earth; a suite in the quietest hotel in London, a car at her constant disposal, the right to call it a day at any time she wanted. She would not have to act—just be herself.

Julie listened and her eyes gleamed; then she said, with a perky look at Ida, "I will let you know as soon as I have talked it over with my sister."

Mark turned to Aunt Ida. He said pathetically, pleading, "You won't . . . talk your sister out of it?"

Ida lifted her head. "I can make no promise—"

"But, Ida, it's no more than you said you would do if you came into money—"

"I do not wish to argue now, Julie, but before we decide—we must talk to the vicar. He will advise us."

Mark leapt up. "I will leave you now. Aileen—you must come back to London with me. There is much to do. Dear ladies—I am in your hands," and, turning to Aunt Ida, "remember what you said about

Mr. Lewis Carroll. Forgive me, madam, but this is partly come from things you have said—you know."

Ida was magnificent. She smiled. "I admit that, Mr. Stringer—but, really, you are so sudden."

Saying goodbye to Aileen at the front door, Brian said, "It's a brilliant idea of Mark's—Aunt Julie will be a natural."

Aileen glanced at Mark, fretting in the front seat of his car. "But why," she asked, "did Aunt Ida insist on taking the vicar's advice? She's not the kind of an old lady to be advised by anyone?"

Brian smiled. "Aunt Ida does as much as she can for charity. She'd like to do a lot more. The vicar has been trying to raise a fund for a new parish hall. I hate to suggest it—but I think Aunt Ida might have blackmail in mind. After all, Aunt Julie's going to make a considerable amount of money."

Chipping Hollows now has the finest parish hall in the country.

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Attractive container, twist-type top.

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Loveliest of all Talcs

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Page 47



# GROW YOUR OWN HERBS











**HERB POT**, ideal for flat-dwellers, contains rosemary growing from the top, eau-de-Cologne mint on the left, lemon balm in the centre front, and garden thyme on the right. The pot will hold approximately six herbs and is decorative as well as practical.

A herb garden is an asset to anybody interested in cooking. But it is also a pretty addition to your flower-beds, whether it is merely a pot of six herbs or a whole strip of ground.

If you haven't space for a large herb garden, try a pot like the one in our picture.

But it's wise to have some dried herbs on your shelf, in case the very one you need has died down when you go to pick it.

Study the chart on this page. It tells you when and how to use herbs. A dish without seasoning is dull, but an over-seasoned dish is unbearable — so try flavoring your cooking with a cautious hand until you gain more experience.

Name	Use	Growth
 <b>BASIL</b>		
 <b>CHIVES</b>		
 <b>ORIGANO</b>		
 <b>MARJORAM</b>		
 <b>ROSEMARY</b>		
 <b>DILL</b>		
 <b>THYME</b>		
 <b>TARRAGON</b>		

<p>Origanum tastes like a cross between marjoram and sage. It is somewhat overpowering — use with discretion. Marjoram is a substitute.</p>	<p>Standby for Italian dishes and sauces (especially spaghetti sauce). Use also with beef dishes, meat loaves, stuffings, or scrambled eggs.</p>	<p>Perennial. Sow seed or plant by root division in light soil in a sunny position. Keep watered. Grows well, and needs little attention.</p>
<p>Pleasant marjoram is one of the "fines herbes" and its soft, aromatic leaves bring out the flavor of sharp tarragon in hot savories for winter meals.</p>	<p>Can be used in beef dishes, casseroles, stocks, and cheese dishes. Try it, finely chopped, in brown-bread sandwiches.</p>	<p>Perennial. Seed or root division. Marjoram is the same family as origano. Plant in light soil in sunny position. Keep well watered.</p>
<p>A subtle flavor is given to meats by Rosemary. It is strong, so if blending herbs use only half the quantity of Rosemary. Easy to grow.</p>	<p>Good with pork, veal, in poultry stuffing, and goes well with lamb. Try making potpourri with the pungent seeds.</p>	<p>Perennial. Sowing seed is slow, so grow from a cutting. Needs a sunny position and light soil. Keep watered. Grows into large bush.</p>
<p>One of the best-known herbs among cooks, Thyme comes in many different varieties. If using dried Thyme, use sparingly.</p>	<p>Can be used in stuffings, stews, and soups. Chopped, fresh thyme is delightful in salads or on fresh sliced tomatoes or tomato halves.</p>	<p>Perennial. Garden thyme is the most common. Plant by root division in light soil, with a sunny position. Some types are decorative only.</p>

<p>Chives can be used in a variety of ways. Easy to grow — they even thrive in a small pot—they can be on hand in most homes which have a garden.</p>	<p>Use, fresh, where a mild onion flavor is needed. Mix with cottage or cream cheese. Sprinkle on scrambled eggs or potato salad.</p>	<p>Perennial. Root division or seed. Keep clumps well divided or they will die off. Light soil sunny position. Keep well watered.</p>
<p>A decorative as well as useful herb, Chervil is like parsley, but has a sweeter and stronger flavor. Is often added to finely mashed potatoes.</p>	<p>Good in a green salad, omelets and other egg dishes, and stews. Adds an extra dash of flavor to vegetables and soups.</p>	<p>Bi-annual. If growing in summer, sow in shady position; if in winter, in slight sunshine. Grow from seed. Needs very little attention.</p>
<p>Like chives, Dill is one of the most versatile of herbs. It is pungent and aromatic. Use the seeds for cooking only. Do not serve them in a raw state.</p>	<p>The leaves can be used to flavor both fresh and cooked foods. Use chopped dill on new potatoes instead of parsley.</p>	<p>Annual. Sow seed. Transplant seedlings when between two and three inches in height into light soil in sunny position. Keep watered.</p>
<p>Tarragon is sometimes called the gourmet's herb. A blend of vinegar on the market contains a sprig of tarragon for added flavor.</p>	<p>Can be used in fish, chicken, salads, and egg dishes. Try a little, freshly chopped, in butter being used on fish. Much used in Europe.</p>	<p>Perennial. Must be grown from cutting or root. Needs very sunny position and will need to be cut back. Keep watered in dry weather.</p>



# Here is a modern garden with a medieval design

● An interesting hobby — the study of herbs and their different uses — has become almost a full-time job for Mrs. J. R. Hemphill, of Dural, New South Wales.

SHE began by growing them for her own household, but so many people were interested in her garden that she now makes herbs work for her as a quite lucrative business.

Mrs. Hemphill has also written a book on the subject which she now will have published towards the end of the year.

To show the herbs to best advantage she has built a stone-walled herb garden, designed on the style used in medieval times.

Here visitors can see the different herbs actually growing—their size, shape, and fascinating flowers and scents.

Mrs. Hemphill believes in using herbs in her own dishes, so the herb garden is built within easy reach of the kitchen door.

Growing out of the double walls and within

the garden itself are 42 different varieties of herbs.

Those that are not used in cooking or in making potpourri were once relied on for preventing and curing many illnesses. They are included in the garden for sentiment and for their magic names — Jasmine, Woodbine (honey-suckle), Wormwood, Milfoil, and Rue, to mention a few.

In the centre of the garden is a sundial, and radiating away from it are paths leading to the herb beds. In the centre of each bed the tallest herb is planted—a perennial—with a circle of smaller plants around it, carrying out the theme of the sundial as the central point.

Leading away from the sundial is a path bordered thickly with English lavender; a stone seat is at one end, and at the other is an opening into the rose garden where a collection of old-fashioned roses is being planted.

The layout of Mrs. Hemphill's herb garden is sketched overleaf.



**SUNDIAL** is the central point of Mrs. J. R. Hemphill's herb garden. Small-leaved *Thymus serpyllum*, the wild thyme of Shakespeare, creeps and spreads around the base of the sundial.



**BEFORE PLANTING.** The herb garden built and laid out neatly with soil prepared for planting. The garden is located near Mrs. Hemphill's back door in a sunny position, which most herbs need.



**HERB GARDEN** after it had been planted for about six months. A bush-house and a rose garden adjoin, and Mrs. Hemphill has planted a crab apple tree to brighten the landscape.





**ACTIL**

A black and white line drawing illustration of three women in 1930s fashion. On the left, a bride wears a long, flowing veil, a floral crown, and a strapless gown with a large bow at the waist. She is holding a long, sheer fabric. In the center, a bridesmaid wears a short, ruffled dress and a pearl necklace, also holding the fabric. On the right, another woman wears a wide-brimmed hat, a pearl necklace, and a pleated skirt, looking on. The background consists of horizontal lines.

ACTIL  
HOUSE

sheets &  
pillow  
cases

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set up on the wrought-iron  
"We have been to Italy,"  
he called to him. "And we  
you on water-skis."  
"And in the water, no  
sight."  
"That was hard luck, just  
the steamer passed you."  
"Oh, it's part of the game,  
you know." He looked at her,  
seeing her well-brushed hair,  
her fresh new dress. "You are  
looking very pretty. I hope  
your fiancé appreciates you."  
"Have you written any more  
poetry?"

He smiled and shook his  
head. "No, I've finished, for  
the moment."  
Presently Annabel heard the  
proprietor's voice and the  
young man left the balcony  
and went inside. A piece of  
paper lying on the floor of the  
next balcony fluttered in the  
light evening breeze. When a  
blast blew it over the rail,  
Annabel impulsively leaned  
over and caught it. She felt  
a little guilty as she smoothed  
it out.

It was, as the writer had told  
her, in Italian. She studied  
the short lines, trying to de-  
cipher a few words. She did  
not hear the young man return.  
He stood for a moment look-  
ing at her, then he said, "What  
have you got there?"

She started and said, "Some-  
thing of yours. It blew over  
here."  
In one bound the young man  
was standing on the top of the  
rail. For one moment he stood  
eying the gap between the  
balconies with a calculating  
eye. Then he leaped, landed  
on Annabel's rail, and dropped  
down beside her.

Annabel gaped in astonish-  
ment. Close to him now, she  
could perceive how strong he  
was, almost alarmingly so.  
"I could have given it back  
to you. I wasn't stealing."  
"I know you weren't steal-  
ing."

"You—you frightened me."  
"And you frightened me. I  
don't like people reading my  
poetry."

He was smiling strangely,  
putting out his hand for the  
paper that was clutched in  
hers. They stood for a moment  
staring at each other, then they  
heard a sound from below.  
Annabel moved and leaned over  
the rail. Someone was climbing  
up the zigzag path. The figure  
came into view. Tony, tidy,  
clean, and erect in a light suit,  
stood looking up at her.

"I'm just coming, Tony."  
Her fiancé said nothing.  
There was silence. Annabel  
touched her companion's arm  
and pointed a little awkwardly.

"My fiancé, Tony Goring.  
I can't introduce you because  
I don't know your name."

The young man beside her  
smiled. "Nor you do," he said,  
but he did not tell her his  
name. "I would have known  
him anywhere," he added.

"Known who?"  
"Your fiancé. He is just  
right for you."

Annabel was not sure whether  
this was meant for a compli-  
ment. Did he mean that they,  
Tony and herself, were both  
clean and tidy and dressed for  
dinner, whereas he was shabby  
and dirty? A sudden wave of  
contempt for herself and Tony  
submerged her. Yes, they were  
both clean and tidy and well  
dressed, but they did not write  
poetry, nor did they sit on a  
balcony and eat garlic sausage  
and dry bread!

"So that," said Tony, when  
she joined him, "is your scruffy  
friend."

"He isn't scruffy."  
"Does he often come on to  
your balcony?"

"That was the first time."  
"By invitation?"

Annabel lifted her chin. Her  
eyes were as cold as her  
fiancé's. "As it happens, no.  
He jumped."

"Good grief!" Tony was  
startled out of his dudgeon.  
"Why?"

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"To fetch a piece of paper  
that had blown over."

"Oh," Tony was mollified.  
"What a blooming exhibition-  
ist, though. I said so this  
morning. Why jump? Why  
not ask for it?"

Annabel suddenly remem-  
bered that she still held the  
paper crumpled in her hand.  
The young man, for all his  
peremptory manner, had not  
taken it from her before Tony  
appeared.

"Poets are sensitive about  
their work."

"You know nothing about  
poets. Or their sensitivity. In  
any case, being sensitive doesn't  
necessarily entail jumping on  
to girls' balconies." Her fiancé  
paused. "What's your mother  
going to say if she hears of  
this?"

"Tony, please don't tell her.  
She will insist that I share with  
her and that Daddy comes  
here."

"And why not? An ex-  
tremely sensible arrangement."  
Annabel hung her head mis-  
erably. "I like the Casa Mira-  
bella. And—have you forgot-  
ten? One of its advantages  
was that you could see me  
there every evening."

Tony put his arm round her.

● To prevent brown  
sugar becoming  
"lumpy," place a piece  
of apple, with skin, in  
the canister.

"I've not forgotten its advan-  
tages," he said. "And nor,  
perhaps," he added grimly,  
"has your scruffy friend. But  
you know, Annabel, for a girl  
of your age you are sometimes  
a little nitwit, belying your  
competent appearance."

"Competent?" said Annabel.  
It was not the sort of ad-  
jective she was requiring at that  
moment, with the lake water  
deep blue and the lights be-  
ginning to twinkle from the  
mountains. Then she remem-  
bered her first encounter with  
the young man outside the  
bathroom. He had likened her  
to a Roman senator. And that,  
also, had not been a compli-  
ment.

"Tony," she said sadly,  
"sometimes I would rather not  
be competent and—and clean  
and—typically English. Would-  
n't you rather not be,  
too?"

He looked at her. "No," he  
said. "I wouldn't. One can  
be all that and other things as  
well."

"Such as?" said Annabel.  
"I am going water ski-ing  
tomorrow," he said firmly.

She watched him from a  
small pedalo-boat in company  
with her brother. Out on the  
lake like a snail, they were en-  
tranced by the sight of the  
tearing speedboat.

"Here he comes!" cried her  
brother.

But it was not Tony. The  
young man from the Casa  
Mirabella skimmed past like a  
bird. He sighted them and  
waved a nonchalant hand, a  
gesture that would probably  
have landed Tony in the lake.

When Tony approached,  
grimly concentrating but grace-  
ful enough, Annabel watched  
critically. He had not the  
other man's skill, but he had  
courage. He did not wave  
or even look at them. But  
when the man from the Casa  
Mirabella returned in a flourish  
his wash caught Tony and  
tossed him sideways.

"Never mind," said Annabel's  
parents kindly at lunch. "It  
must take years of practice.  
That man probably lives here."

"He's English," said Anna-  
bel quickly. "His mother  
was Italian. But he has rela-  
tives near."

"Then that explains it," said  
Annabel's mother, still kind.

Tony sat aloof, enduring the  
kindness, and presently entered  
into a discussion with Anna-  
bel's father on Customs regu-  
lations at frontiers and con-  
traband. Annabel reminded  
herself to give the paper back  
to her fellow lodger. If he  
had been willing to risk life  
or limb for it, then he must  
value it highly.

She and Tony walked after  
lunch along the narrow, dusty  
white road beside the lake. The  
bank dropped steeply towards  
the water on one hand. On the  
other it rose in tiers of rowan  
trees to the scrub that bordered  
the sheer rock of the mountains  
themselves. The road by the  
lake was a narrow shelf cut  
from the mountain. Presently  
they glimpsed a square white  
house.

"The frontier," said Tony.  
Annabel had never walked  
across a frontier from one coun-  
try to another, only traversed  
one by train or car at night-  
time, when the significance of  
the change from one nation to  
another was not so apparent.  
It seemed strange that one por-  
tion of the dust should be  
called Switzerland, the other  
Italy. There was an iron gate,  
now open, marked almost  
childishly "Italia," as if Italy  
were the name of a country  
house.

Soldiers, slouching lazily in  
the sun, glanced casually at  
them from either side of the  
open gate but did not stop them.  
They walked on, in Italy now,  
but not conscious of any dif-  
ference.

They returned presently,  
walking back into Switzerland  
without causing a flicker of  
interest, but Annabel observed  
that cars were stopped and  
papers examined.

"I suppose," she said, "that  
we are so obviously visitors out  
for a walk. They're not con-  
cerned with people like us."

"This is a very easy fron-  
tier," said Tony. "And it's  
not a main route to anywhere.  
They must get precious little  
traffic at any time. But if  
they wanted to clamp down,  
they could, of course."

That evening, as Annabel  
searched in her white handbag  
for a lipstick, she came across  
the paper she had appropriated  
from her neighbor's balcony.  
She still found the short Ital-  
ian phrases incomprehensible  
and still knew that it was not  
her business to decipher them.  
Nevertheless, it was tantalising  
to hold the original work of a  
poet in one's hand.

"I thought," said Tony dryly,  
"that poets were sensitive about  
their work. Why not return  
it? Or is it dedicated to you?"

"I meant to give it to him,  
but I didn't see him this even-  
ing."

"Let me see." Her fiancé  
stretched out his hand and took  
the paper from her. He frowned  
over it. Annabel was afraid  
that his comments would be  
devastating, and she said de-  
fensively, "I never said that he  
was a good poet."

Tony's mouth was upturned  
at the corners. "I am not at  
all sure that he is a poet of  
any kind at all."

"You are horribly unkind,"  
said Annabel. "Give it back  
to me at once."

To her surprise and anger,  
her fiancé folded the paper  
neatly and put it into his poc-  
ket.

"Not yet. I want to study  
this. Your poet is very in-  
teresting."

When Annabel returned to  
the Casa Mirabella later that  
evening, she took a bath boldly,  
carefully locking the door  
against the diatribes of the  
alarmed proprietor. Back  
in her room, she walked to the  
balcony on the bathroom and  
leaned over to look at the  
moon's path on the lake.

She gazed down through  
the dark leaves of the figtree,

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any time is  
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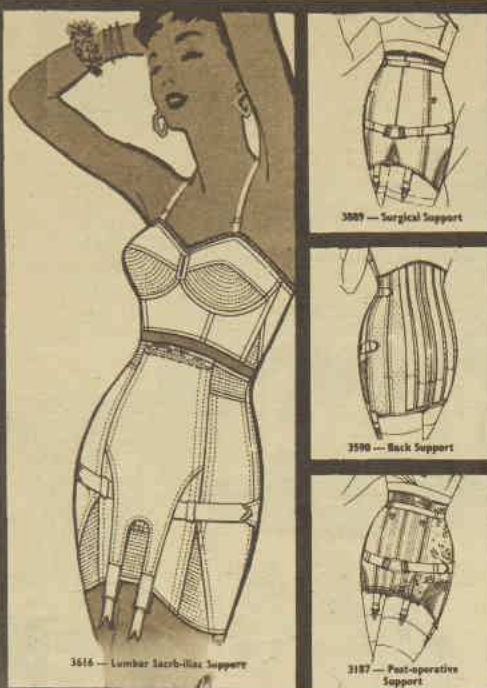
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waiting for a Romeo who did not come, and gazed obliquely through her eyelashes at the adjacent balcony where a Romeo probably wrote some more poetry.

She turned quickly. There was a sound behind her in her own room. The young man from the next balcony was there beside her.

"You frightened me!"  
"That is the second time," said the young man smiling. Then his smile faded. "My paper, please. You've not returned it. I should like it now."

Annabel looked crestfallen. "I'm terribly sorry! I forgot. But I didn't read it. I couldn't."

"I know," said the young man with a half smile. "You can't speak or read Italian. You're a little ignorant, and therefore it doesn't matter." He held out his hand. "Please. My paper."

"Tony has it."  
"Tony? You mean your young man?"

"Yes. I didn't give it to him. He took it and kept it."

She looked at him nervously. His hand had been on her arm and for a moment his grip had hurt her.

"I see," he said after a long pause. "And does Tony speak Italian?"

"Not very well," said Annabel helpfully.

She found herself glad that he did not stay. Had he stayed and behaved like Romeo it would have been thrilling but, she confessed, alarming. The moon had illuminated his face, however, and it had shown no trace then of admiration or interest but merely a hard, calculating annoyance.

Next morning Tony rowed her out on to the lake, past the tranquil little villages with their pale-colored houses reflected in the water, past the island with its ruined church. Tony rested on his oars as the steamer approached, the large one that went once a day to Italy.

Ordinarily the little steamers zigzagged backwards and forwards to the Swiss villages, and miles round the rocky headland; the Italian steamers did likewise, never encroaching upon each other's territory. The small skiff rocked in the steamer's wash and the tourists waved. Behind the steamer came a fastly moving speedboat, and this, gaining on the steamer, roared past them, its satellite water-skier skimming in its wake.

"He really is awfully good," said Tony. He spoke without envy but with considerable interest. The wash from the steamer, the speedboat, and the following skier tossed their boat as if it were a leaf on the water. Annabel watched under her hand the progress of the skier, who was so much more sure of himself than Tony. She saw that his companion in the speedboat was performing the same manoeuvre as before. He was trying to throw the skier by skilful turns of the boat.

"There he goes!" said Tony with satisfaction in his voice. Annabel watched the man from the Casa Mirabella swim and retrieve his skis. The passengers on the steamer were laughing and waving.

"It's because of the wash," she said, sticking up for her poet. "He never comes off anywhere else."

"No," said Tony. "I've noticed that."

At lunch Annabel's parents, who had gone for a walk along the lakeside road, spoke of their experiences at the frontier post. "One would think there was a war on!" said Annabel's mother.

"Certainly an escaping prisoner couldn't have been more thoroughly searched," said Annabel's father.

"Yesterday," said Annabel wonderingly, "they hardly looked at us."

Her fiancé began one of his conversations with her father about Customs and contraband. Tony knew so many things,

## Continuing . . . KNAVE OF DIAMONDS

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coming out quietly with his information. His Italian was improving every day so that it no longer sounded like the phrase-book.

Tony now managed to conduct quite rapid conversations with the hotel manager. But only about dull things probably, thought Annabel, who would have liked to have understood Italian so that she could read Italian poetry.

That evening Tony walked with her as usual back to the Casa Mirabella. They parted affectionately from each other in the shade of the figtree, but when Annabel went inside the house and mounted to her room her fiancé did not turn and climb up the way he had come but stayed in the shadow looking up at the two balconies above him. He watched with considerable interest the detachment of gendarmes climb up the hill from the little town and make their way into the house.

He heard the loud voice of the proprietor whom Annabel had named Gigli, whose expletives and protests were rich and dramatic in the Italian tongue.

HE heard, too, the milder tones of the Englishman who rented the room next to Annabel, and who lived such a quiet and frugal life there, eating on his balcony and going out only to exercise on water-skis. Annabel also heard the voices raised in threats and protests, but these were muffled because she was taking an evening bath.

She gathered that some sort of search was going on: she could not understand it at all, and when people hammered peremptorily on the bathroom door she was uncertain what to do. But loud voices were clamoring, so that she grabbed hastily at her bathrobe and donned it, poking her head round the door and looking in wonder at the policemen outside.

When they saw that the room was a bathroom, and that a wide-eyed English girl was in occupation, they bowed in polite confusion and withdrew hurriedly.

When Annabel had finished her bath she went back to her own room. Immediately someone slipped into the bathroom and locked the door. He moved across the stone floor where Annabel's wet footprints lay, and he stooped over the bath where recently Annabel's scented water had enveloped her. Some of the water still remained. As Annabel had remarked, the waste-pipe was not a very good one.

Annabel stood presently on the balcony and listened to the distant tramp of the gendarmes' feet as they retreated back to the town. Her fiancé stood beneath as he had stood for the past half-hour, but now he emerged from the shadows and stood full in the light that streamed from her window.

"Good-night, Annabel!" he cried loudly. "Good-night!"

Annabel was surprised. It was devoted of Tony to stay outside so long and so patiently. Usually he went whistling back up to the hotel as soon as she was safely indoors. She leaned over and cried softly, "Good-night, darling," and she felt like any Juliet leaning from a semi-circle of stone set upon the wall of an Italian house.

As soon as she went back into her room and put out the light, the occupant of the room next door, who had been standing just inside the window listening, moved quickly and silently. He ran to the rail, climbed it, and dropped to the ground just behind Tony's retreating figure. He reached him at the first bend of the zigzag. But Tony was ready for him.

The encounter was swift, savage, and not entirely painless for either of them. It did not last long, however. Not all the gendarmes had retreated down to the town. Some of them had lain in wait for just such an encounter to take place, encouraged by the Englishman who had predicted it.

There was a long, thin wash-leather bag in one of the pockets of the poet's green velvet trousers, and it was still wet.

"So he is not a poet!" said Annabel sadly and incredulously next day, gazing at the crumpled paper which her companion at the Casa Mirabella had not quite succeeded in retrieving from Tony's pocket. It contained not poetry but a list of addresses and the location of certain rooms in local houses and hotels occupied by rich women with jewels in their possession.

"No, he's a cat-burglar," said Tony brutally. "He kept his swag down the waste-pipe," he went on. "He and his host, who incidentally is one of his relatives this side of the frontier, must have gone grey with worry when you arrived on the scene and began to take baths all day. Later, of course, you aided and abetted. You, my sweet, saved the situation. The police wouldn't search a bathroom containing a girl, and an English girl at that."

"He would stage his tumble from the water-skis exactly as the daily steamer came past on

its way into Italy. He'd dive under, hook one of his little bags on to a line fastened to some part of the boat below the waterline, and have it retrieved somewhere farther down the lake in Italian territory, probably by another intrepid water-acrobat. The police suspect one of his Italian cousins, and are looking into it. They had been wondering for a long time how the stuff got out of Switzerland. He was very cunning."

But Annabel sighed. It was all quite unbelievable.

"You, my love," went on Tony more briskly, "will not be going back to the Casa Mirabella. We've bludgeoned the hotel into giving you a room here. It has a private bathroom and you can take baths all day. But there will be no diamonds down the plug-hole." He looked at her. "You don't seem very pleased. I suppose you will miss your saffron-colored poet."

"Not so much," said Annabel slowly, remembering Tony as he had stood under the figtree, "as I shall miss our walk back to the Casa Mirabella every evening."

Her fiancé stared at her incredulously and deeply moved. Then he came close to her and spoke in a quiet voice.

"What is that you are saying?" Annabel asked shyly and incomprehendingly.

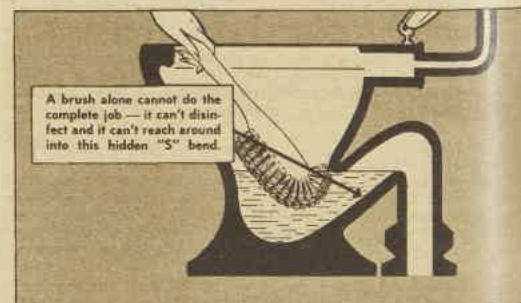
"Italian poetry," said Tony proudly. He had learned a good deal that holiday.

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Harpic disinfects, deodorizes and keeps your toilet bowl sparkling clean — above and below the water line.



A brush alone cannot do the complete job — it can't disinfect and it can't reach around into this hidden "S" bend.



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**HARPIC LAVATORY CLEANSER**

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HPI28



discovered till a number of hours had passed?"

"All right, I'll buy it. How do they get down if they haven't put up the extension of the ladder before going up?"

"I'll tell you how. In the corner among a lot of rubbish up there there's a length of wire clothes-line with a hook on the end of it. They could've pulled up the ladder by that."

"The ladder, the ladder, the ladder!" Carl said with a fat chuckle, throwing himself back and stretching out his strong hairy legs. "This determination to use the ladder looks very much as though the killer were framing me. Otherwise, why didn't he lock her in, take the key with him, and go down by the stairs?"

"Oh, dear, how very crooked and nasty it all sounds!" Toni said, stooping and lifting a kitten on to her knee. "And to think that seven years ago we decided to become simple orchardists because we couldn't take the complications of city life!"

"Yeah," Manning said. "I believe you're a good cook, Mrs. Hennessey?"

"Me? Oh, I don't know. Who told you that?"

"I understand you made a large fruit cake for Miss Wyatt when you landed up there yesterday morning."

"Yes, I did. I know how it is when you move into a new house. You're glad to have a few eddiments in the pantry to save you cooking for a day or so." Her greenish eyes lifted to his were childishly limpid, the hand that stroked the kitten's back was an attractive but tough little paw.

## Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

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"Yeah," he said again. "On the floor near the body of the deceased there was a fresh sultana."

"Good heavens! How extremely odd. How in the world did it get there?"

"Did you happen to go up to the attic for anything during the morning? And maybe this sultana dropped off your apron or your shoe?"

"I certainly did not. In fact, I've never been up there in my life. I often used to go and see the old Miss Lathams and I knew the last people, the Cottars, quite well. But I never set foot in the attic."

"You haven't got any explanation, eh?"

"Well . . . I don't know . . . I had that fruit for the cake soaking in brandy in a bowl on the table, and everyone who passed through the kitchen seemed to dip in and take a bit. I said, 'Hil there won't be much left for the cake at this rate.' Someone might have gone up to the attic and dropped it there—I mean, of course," she hastened to add, "before poor Rowena ever got near the place."

"Listen." She turned to Grogan. "You said earlier that she'd told someone she was catching the train that got here just after midday. Well, look, I very much doubt if she did."

"Do you now? Why's that, Mrs. Hennessey?"

"I suppose these doctors know their job. But do you

think she was killed at that time?"

"Well, the doctor couldn't be that exact. He said the circumstances—the heat, the cold snap, the length of time—made it difficult to say within several hours."

"Yes, well, I mean, Quentin and I were working in the morning, and you can see across the front from there, and I think we'd have heard the gate click and looked up and seen her. I know we saw the errand boy from the store my husband mentioned, and the baker when he came, and

He is strong who conquers others; he who conquers himself is mighty.

—Lao-Tse

Colonel Fewster, and Miss Bingham running out into the road to pick some honeysuckle from the hedge."

There was a moment's silence. Carl jabbed out his cigarette and, stooping, retied a shoelace as though his work out of doors was beckoning. He said: "Look here, Inspector—of course I know I'm only one of the mugs you people can run rings round—but I always understood that when anyone was murdered motive was the first thing to consider. Who profits by the death? Isn't that the classic approach?"

There was a rustle outside the window. The cane lounge on the verandah creaked, and suddenly Quentin's figure appeared. Quentin, white-faced and wild-looking, bounding off the verandah and streaking away through the trees.

CARL looked after him timidly. "Poor lad, he's taking his aunt's death very hard. She brought him up, you know, since he was ten."

A few minutes later, Manning shut the gate behind them in the cyclone fence. He stood looking back at the drowsy scene, at the low-lying verandah house at the row of trees that stretched away, climbing the hill at the back, row after row of glossy bunchy deep green citrus, symbol of fertility with the forming fruit and clustering blossom all at once. The hum of bees was a riot of sound as they besieged the flower, fanning out the thick sweet scent with their wings.

The two detectives, unwilling to move on, stood on the grassy track in the shade of a tree.

"Real idyllic!" Grogan said, drinking in the view and the scent and the sounds.

"Yeah! Got it easy, this feller Hennessey, hasn't he? With the bees doin' the real important job and a tough little wife to get into what they can't tackle!"

They got into the car. As they moved off Grogan had pulled out the morning paper and was turning its pages, idly at first, and then his eye lit on an advertisement

### Notice to Contributors

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Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4685W, G.P.O., Sydney.

for a paint firm. One of these paints, he reflected, reading the letterpress, that did everything but climb out of the tin and spread itself on! Makes painting a pleasure—covers any surface in one coat—brilliant and lasting—eighteen gay shades for contemporary homes—dries in twenty minutes . . .

He spoke to the constable at the wheel: "Back to Burnside, Jack."

Sheila was dusting the drawing-room when the two detectives stepped into the hall.

She had walked back from Pine Hill soon after Vivian got home and started to busy herself about the house. The dutifulness of her aspect had made Vivian say the thing that had been on the tip of her tongue ever since last night:

"Sheila, I do hope you won't stay on here for my sake. I mean, everything's changed now, and if you'd like to go

Sheila had leant on the broom and lifted her almost almond eyes to Vivian. "Are you going to stay?" she asked.

"Certainly. I'm going to stay. It's different for me. I've taken the place, and my mother and father'll be back soon. But no one can pretend it isn't pretty gruesome here now."

The attic over their bedrooms where Rowena's body had lain, the bend of the narrow stairway round which the stretcher, taking it away, had been manoeuvred this morning by two policemen, the sight of it proceeding down the brick path between the lilac bushes to the mortuary van at the gate—Vivian knew that not a day would pass at Burnside but that she herself would re-see all this.

She had said again: "If you'd like to go home, or to Pine Hill, don't feel you're deserting me. I'll quite understand."

"It is rather depressing, isn't it?" Sheila had murmured. "And we haven't been here at night yet."

"I know, that's what I mean."

"I wouldn't like anyone to think I was—sort of—running away. Couldn't we both go to Pine Hill over Christmas?"

"I'd rather not, I'd rather stay here."

"Well . . . I'll think it over. I might mention it to Angus."

Sheila turned now as Grogan and Manning entered. From her place by the corner cupboard she saw them pause to look at the bright new front door. A smile on her china-smooth face, she went out into the hall.

"I made a nice job of it, didn't I?" she said.

"You did, too," Grogan agreed. "Quite professional. Brightens up the whole place. It was Miss Wyatt, I think you said, that brought the paint with her?"

"Yes, but my choice of color," Sheila told him with a pretty little air of pride.

"How long did it take you again?"

"Not long. I had it finished by half past ten, and I didn't start it till about nine."

"Stuck at it, did you?"

"Yes . . . yes, of course." A faint uneasiness sounded in Sheila's voice. "As I told you, I was here every minute of the time for that hour and a half."

"And then at ten-thirty you went through the kitchen and out to clean your brush, like Miss Wyatt said?"

"Yes. But anyhow, what's that got to do with it? I mean, you said poor Mrs. Latham only arrived by the midday train, and I was nowhere near the door at that time. I'd been upstairs for quite an hour, as I told you, hemming curtains for the kitchen. Up there with the door

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so cozily comfortable, too . . .



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... yet I clean them every day



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HF521



To page 55



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shut I couldn't have seen her come in, and—"

He stemmed her rather breathless flow. "What brand of paint did you use?"

She stared back at him. "What brand? Oh, I couldn't say, I didn't notice."

"Would you be able to put your hand on the tin?" I threw it away.

"Let's see if we can find it." They followed her into the back garden.

Grogan stepped away for a minute to stroll into the side garden, separated from the grassy back plot by a knee-high hedge of lavender. Standing by the newly dug bean bed, yes, he thought, from here you could see anyone coming up the front path, like the Hennessey girl had said. If you heard the gate click, and you happened to be facing that way. But say she had come in silently, taking good care not to click the gate, anxious not to contact any of these maybe not-so-good friends of hers? She could've slipped up unseen behind those dotted lilac and myrtle bushes.

He went back and entered the laundry that clung limpet-like to the end of the kitchen wall. Wooden troughs and mangle, old wood - burning bricked copper—all superseded by the washing machine.

Thrown down in a corner with empty bottles and rusty tools was the paint tin.

Grogan picked it up. The label was liberally splashed with paint and the prints of Sheila's peacock-blue fingers, but sure enough it was one of the eighteen gay shades for con-

## Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

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temporary homes and was guaranteed to dry in twenty minutes.

Out in the car again Grogan mused aloud: "Well, that washes out the twelve-five train, eh?" "Does it?" Manning looked at him sideways. Characteristically, he wasn't going to concede this too readily, and he gave a brief homily on advertising and the credulity of the public.

"O.K.," old son." His chief cut him short, flapping him down with a languid hand. "I'll take it as said. Let's give this brand of paint a fifty per cent. leeway for exaggeration. It still means that the door being finished by ten-thirty, the deceased can't have walked in and brushed against it, getting wet paint on her dress, a minute later than eleven. Agreed?"

**M**ANNING nodded grudgingly.

"Actually," Grogan went on, "judging by the thickness of the smear she collected, I'd be inclined to place the time as pretty soon after ten-thirty."

"You would, would you?"

"I would. Though she told a friend up at the flats that she was catching the midday train, there's no doubt now she must've changed her mind and caught an earlier one. Which wouldn't surprise me at all. You heard this bloke Latham say she was an unaccountable sort of dame. 'A law unto herself,' he said."

"Who wouldn't be," Manning sniffed, "with a super-taxable income and a tame-cat husband and a figure like Audrey Hepburn?"

The wizened little station-master had his own ideas on the subject of the dead Mrs. Latham's arrival.

The station—a ticket office, a dusty lone waiting-room, and a stretch of gravelled earth for platform—was empty of all but this one official, adding up a column of figures.

After the usual palaver about the crime, Grogan produced the return half of Rowena's railway ticket from town. The stationmaster took it, turned it about, noted the number, and rummaged in a drawer for a minute. Yes, yesterday's tickets were still there, hadn't gone up to Central yet, here it was, there weren't that many of them. He came back and laid the two torn halves on the counter between them.

Grogan said, "That's it. The train that gets in at ten-fifteen she came by."

The stationmaster looked down at the ticket and fitted the jagged edges together. He shook his head slowly. "You're out there," he said. "This half was handed in from the twelve-five train."

Grogan pushed back his hat and leant further over. "What's that? You saw her, did you?"

"No, I never saw her."

"Did you know young Mrs. Latham by sight?"

"Oh, yes, I knew her all right, though they didn't travel much by train."

"So they tell me."

"Why should they, with three cars in the garage? Most weekdays there's very few people get off at Latham West. But yesterday, on the twelve-five, there was quite a mob. A meeting of the Bowls Club. Elderly folk mostly, all got up in white. With them streaming through, of course, I didn't notice anyone in particular, but—"

"No, you wouldn't. How are you so sure, though, that she wasn't on the ten-fifteen?"

"Because nobody got off that train yesterday morning. Nobody at all."

"Were you at the gate?" "I was on the station, and I didn't see anyone get out."

"Couldn't she've got off at this end of the platform while you were at the other? Hopped out while you were speaking to the guard or something, and run through the gate without you seeing?"

"And left her ticket on the gatopost, you mean, like people sometimes do?"

"That's right."

"Oh, she could've, but she didn't. There was no ticket on the gatopost when I went back after the train had gone on. I never collected one from there all day. Course, sometimes if you're not around, instead of leaving it on the gatopost a person'll drop their ticket back into their pocket or handbag. But she didn't do that, did she? Because I had it." He held up the first half again.

"No, it was the twelve-five all right she travelled by. She must've just come through with the bowls crowd and me too busy to notice her."

Outside the station again Grogan said: "It's him that's out, somehow or other. . . . Your paint merchant didn't exaggerate all that much, Les." He stood, hands in pockets, staring up and down the street. At one end the highway dipped down over the hill in a haze between trees; at the other, the shopping street began, Latham West's five-shop contribution to the commerce of the nation.

He said after a minute: "Look, it could've been this

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## Fashion FROCKS

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"MICHELLE". — Attractively styled maternity suit. The material is wool angora, and color choice includes midnight-blue, juniper-green, geranium-red, junior-navy, and clover-beige, with a contrasting white collar. The smock is obtainable in check gingham in red/white, blue/white, green/white, brown/white, and black/white.

Ready to Wear: In wool, sizes 32 and 34in. bust £7/8/6; 36 and 38in. bust £7/14/9. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: In wool, sizes 32 and 34in. bust £4/18/9; 36 and 38in. bust £5/4/9. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

Ready to Wear: In gingham, sizes 32 and 34in. bust 36/9; 36 and 38in. bust 39/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

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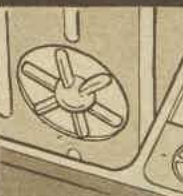
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It's Washing Machine Month—time to buy the best of them all . . .

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Ask to see Lincoln's exciting new ORLON® knitting yarn, too!

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## KNITTING WOOLS

## Continuing... THE FLAME OF MURDER

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way. She came on the earlier train like I say, and dropped her ticket back in her bag or pocket, because there was no one on the gate. The killer found it—looking for something else, maybe—and took it back to the station and handed it in when the bowls crowd went through."

Manning, unusually obliging, asked: "Why?"

"Well, offhand I'd say at a guess that this person has got a good alibi for after twelve-five and none at all for round about ten-thirty when she was really killed."

To anyone unaccustomed to its torpor, Latham West seemed a peculiarly dead little place, but this morning, in fact, its sleepiness rather resembled Rip Van Winkle's when he first rubbed his eyes and stretched himself after his long doze. It was waking up to discuss the staggering news that Mrs. Angus Latham had been found murdered. Quite five people at the one time were buying stamps in the post office, but the talk, obviously not confined to postal matters, ceased when the detectives walked in. One glance was enough to show who they were.

Through the baker's window could be seen a small conclave leaning on the counter for far longer than it took to wrap a loaf of bread. Two women with their baskets came out. Grogan caught the tail of their talk:

"Ah, well... she's paid for it now."

"Paid for what?" Grogan asked the empty air.

In Petty's store, the voices were a steady hum when they went in. Mr. Petty had turned, and with a hooked stick was tilting off the top shelf a tin of prunes. His voice came clearly:

"Anyway, I always say de mortuis."

Questioned as to just what he meant by this remark, Mr. Petty hid himself, Zeus-like, in a cloud of clichés: how we all had our faults, and how there was good and bad in everyone, and how he hoped when he passed on people would remember the good and not go raking up some little trouble like what he'd had last year with the income-tax people. Except for the two C.I.B. men, there was no one in the store now to hear him piously express his sympathy for the Latham family in its sad bereavement.

Out in the street again Grogan remarked there was a powerful lot of charity floating around Latham West this morning. A surprising amount for such a small place, and he wondered again what everyone was being so broadminded about.

However, this charity ceased at the last shop.

They crossed the wide dusty street and strolled to its upper end. There they came to the pocket-handkerchief garden in front of Mr. Tyson's tiny wooden dwelling attached to his shop. The inspector's nose went over the picket fence. A nice little garden it had been once, he reflected. Now neglected. Pity...

The old man himself, glass in eye, was sitting in the shop window, his head bent over the coiled entrails of a watch. Though their shadows fell across his light he didn't look up. He looked a part of the interior, old, battered, and dusty, with his brown skin, brown coat, and bent brown head.

To Grogan, standing on the other side of the glass watching him, Mr. Tyson's disregard of his audience of two was rather overacted. They entered the shop.

Well, they couldn't buy a postage stamp here or a box

of matches or have a watch repaired, so Grogan came straight to the point.

"Good morning, Mr. Tyson? That's the name on the window, I see."

Mr. Tyson left his bench and came forward. Like one of the springs he worked on, when he uncoiled himself and straightened up his length was unexpected. Faint music from the radio in the back room barely stirred the silence. Without answering Grogan's greeting, he waited for him to continue.

THE inspector wanted to know if by any chance Mr. Tyson had caught sight of Mrs. Angus Latham passing up the street yesterday morning. She'd come by train, the inspector told him, and so far no one was reported to have seen her. She could've cut across the paddocks from the station, of course, and walked that way to the house where she was killed, but she could've passed along the street here, and perhaps someone had caught sight

of her and would be able to report that she was alone or not, as the case might be. Mr. Tyson heard him out in silence. Then he said, "No, I didn't see her."

"You've heard all about this tragedy that happened up at Burnside?"

"Yes, I heard of it." No expressions here of sympathy for the Lathams' sad bereavement.

"You knew the lady, of course?"

"I should know her, I've lived here all my life."

"I understand she'd been married to Mr. Latham for ten years. Would you say she'd been well liked in the district?"

Mr. Tyson didn't make any reply to this for a minute. He looked back at Grogan coolly, waited, as though for him to say more; waited, and then seemed to make up his mind. There was a cool deliberation, too, in his answer when at length it came:

"If you're trying to find out something about the woman from me I can tell you all I know in two words. She was an adulteress and a murderess."

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JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH

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CLEANS  
YOUR  
TEETH



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 3, 1959



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I COULD HAVE  
DANCED ALL NIGHT  
IN THESE WONDERFUL  
"JUMPING-JACKS"



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### "JUMPING-JACKS"

At shoe stores  
where they really care



Prices: Vic., Tas., W.A. from 32/6; N.S.W. from 33/- Slightly less in S.A. and Qld.

After lunch that day Vivian was up in her bedroom. It was the first idle moment she had had since that discovery in the attic last night. Now, for a brief spell, she could get back into herself and pull the pieces of her ravelled mind together, not see all the time Rowena's murdered body, not ask all the time the unanswerable question, not dwell all the time on the inevitable tragedy if that question should be answered.

The house had an early-afternoon quiet that allowed the most distant country sounds to steal in the window with the heavy air. Sheila was asleep in a hammock under the apple tree. Vivian picked up her book and sank with a sigh of relief into the easy chair by the window. She put out a hand to the table, took a cigarette, and picked up her lighter. Before her thumb could press the small lever, a forgotten image rose up from the cave of her memory and confronted her.

There! Yes, there was where she had seen it before!

There are few things to equal the vagaries of memory. Try to bring back a line of verse that has escaped you, a name you once knew, a trivial fact trembling on the tip of your tongue, and the further it flies from you. But abandon the search, and in some least expected moment memory steals forward and whispers: "Here it is, I give it up to you, the thing you've been seeking."

So now there flashed before Vivian's mind's eye a moonlight night, a flimsy wooden back verandah, and the honey tin glinting bright blue, with its yellow hive and bees ... the tin that had been standing this morning near the bridge over the creek, but which hadn't been there when she had returned that way with Denis after breakfast.

She lighted the cigarette and smoked it, the smoke drifting unseen, unsavoured. She sat still, the book unopened on her lap, her eyes on the opposite wall. The newly recollected fact, and its implications, took complete possession of her thoughts, woke in her a fever to know more. The minutes passed, the ash on her cigarette lengthened. She

## Continuing ... THE FLAME OF MURDER

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must mention it to the inspector the very next time she saw him.

She sat up and flicked the ash out the window.

As she did so, she saw in the distance the Hennesseys' utility truck come out of their drive with Toni at the wheel. Carl, a bareheaded stocky figure, stood at the gate, shut it behind them, and went round and joined Toni in the car. They drove away.

It was this sight that fed the flame of Vivian's curiosity.

bordered and shaded by gum trees, was as hushed as the house left behind her. Even the birds had fallen silent. The dust from the Hennesseys' car had settled back into its red bed as Vivian opened the gate on her errand of trespass.

She knew every stick and stone of the Hennesseys' place. For two summers she had stayed with them up here. Nothing was ever shut or locked. Today, the

served the Hennesseys for garage, tool-shed, and storehouse. At one end stood the mobile sprays and drums of chemicals and all the paraphernalia of the orchardist.

Vivian picked her way across the crowded floor, ran her eye over each shelf, inspected the stuff on the two trestle tables, opened the wooden presses filled to bursting point with full and half-full bottles and tins and bags. Her search was thorough. She could take her time. And yet her movements were hurried. She felt miserably guilty to be here at all. Every sound made her start and glance over her shoulder. Each door she pulled open, each shelf she scanned gave her a reprieve as no bright blue honey tin boding its quart of kerosene sprang forth to her eye from among the objects there.

She made a quick inspection of the back premises of the house and hurried away down the path, out of sight of the windows that seemed to gaze reproachfully after her retreating figure.

It was a new experience to be searching so diligently for something that you prayed not to find. Vivian reflected, as she went on down the road, avoiding the bank of the creek till she was level with the footbridge that crossed it.

Fortunately, the after-lunch hour at Pine Hill was sacred to the siesta. The housekeeper shut herself in her sitting-room, the maids went upstairs to rest, the gardener and his boy sought retirement away from the scenes of their toil.

The order reigning here made things easy for Vivian, and it took her only a few minutes to see that she wasn't going to find out what she was looking for.

Slipping out the back way, she went down the hill by the track that she and Denis had walked this morning—this morning that already seemed an age ago.

Before going home, she

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### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



That was one house empty. Only for a moment or two she resisted the prompting. Then she put down her book, crushed out her cigarette, went over to her dressing-table and picked up her lipstick with automatic movements.

How relieved she would be if she could tell the inspector that this tin which might have such a criminal connection with Rowena's death was not to be found near home. Not at Toni's ... not at Pine Hill ... not at Colonel Fewster's.

Quietly, she went downstairs and slipped out of the house. The short road, grass-

garden in front was suffering one of its periodical spells of neglect. Sometimes Toni would work in it furiously, weeding, clearing, and planting, then other more urgent tasks would crowd in, crowd out the flower beds and bright borders.

It was much the same with Carl's domain at the back, except that it knew fewer periods of orderliness. He was a great loser of tools and implements, a great sweeper at the culprit who had pinched or borrowed or mislaid his trowel or secateurs, until it turned up—where he had left it—under a pile of sacking.

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turned in at Colonel Fewster's gate and went up through his frankly untended garden. Poultry, vegetables, and a pig took up the colonel maintained, all his spare time, though what time of his might not be called spare was hard to say.

Mrs. Siskin was sitting on the side verandah, the morning paper on her lap.

"Oh, bad luck, the colonel's out," she greeted Vivian in a tone that barely hid her ingrained hostility towards all his friends.

"That's all right, I really dropped in to thank you for the lovely little cakes you sent over yesterday morning."

In for a penny, in for a pound, Vivian told herself. Why boggle at a small lie?

She sat down on the step and they discussed the tragedy in all its aspects. Mrs. Siskin extracted more and more details of Vivian's finding of the body; and what the police had said; and of how Mr. Latham was taking it; and his mother; and little Sheila Bingham—poor little thing! Pity she was here at the time—and whether now that his aunt was dead the Hennesseys would board Quentin, poor kid. Every name that was mentioned held an undertone of much left unsaid.

**W**HEN at last, the subject fully thrashed out, Vivian got up to go, she said: "I know it's frowned on to ask people for their recipes, but I would like to know how to make those little cakes."

"They're simple. Certainly I'll tell you. They're only—"

"I wonder if you'd scribble it down for me? And while you're doing it, can I run round and have a look at the baby ducklings? There's a clutch just out, isn't there?"

Here, too, to her final relief, her search of toolhouse and sheds drew a blank. She came through the scullery into the kitchen, her eyes still searching.

Mrs. Siskin was putting

**A**L characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

## Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

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away her writing-pad. She folded the slip of paper and handed it to Vivian. "There you are, you can't go wrong with them. If you like you can add a bit of fruit." Her bright glance darted slyly. "Though you'll remember the ones I sent over were plain. I happened to be out of sultanas, so I just put a bit of peel on top."

Sheila's plaintive remark that morning that she now found the house depressing proved to be a distinct understatement. By late afternoon she showed signs of not caring to remain upstairs alone, of starting at any sudden sound, and of checking up on the window fastenings in unoccupied rooms.

Then Vivian heard her at the telephone, talking to Angus, suggesting that he come over for a drink. Angus needed no pressing. His car drew up outside almost before Sheila had put back the receiver. He had picked up Denis on the road, and on their heels came Colonel Fewster.

This was the latest of a round of visits that the colonel had paid that day. A ubiquitous dropper-in on friends and neighbors, he had tirelessly exploited today's rich field for talk. Though on any day there was hardly anywhere you might go that you wouldn't run into Colonel Fewster. At the store, there he would be chatting with Petty; at Simpson's pub, sipping a glass of beer; holding up the orange trees with Carl Hennessey. If you motored to a distant farm to buy a pair of fowls, even above the barking of the dogs you would hear the colonel's rich plummy voice.

The five were sitting in the study drinking sherry when Grogan and Manning arrived, directed here from Pine Hill by Angus' mother.

The ring of the bell took Vivian to the front door and in a minute she came back with the two detectives.

She felt herself wince as though a bandage was being ripped off a fresh wound—for it was still fresh after a year

— when she heard Grogan say:

"Mr. Latham, I understand there was a very dreadful happening in the district a year ago that your wife was mixed up in."

At Grogan's words Angus put down his glass and got up out of his chair as though the

first outburst, had stubbornly resisted further questioning.

"A year ago tomorrow," he had said, his ravaged face turned to the calendar on the wall. And then: "Ask her husband. I think you'll find he hasn't forgotten any of the details of the incident that dragged the Latham name in the mud."

"She left, I admit," Angus said, "owing to the brutal



"Helen and I have about decided to get rid of the convertible and go back to the old sedan."

better to face the opening up of this dark episode. He said: "Who have you been talking to, Inspector?"

"Tyson, the old man that has the shop in the street, watch repairing and that."

"I thought so!" "He made a very damaging statement."

"Yes, it was a ghastly affair, and some people thought that my wife was connected with it."

"It was the cause, I understand, of her separating from you and leaving her home and staying away for twelve months." Grogan's tone suggested that he knew a good deal more than was actually the case, for Tyson, after his

gossip that raged about her. She didn't 'separate' from me, except temporarily."

"She rushed away in a great hurry. Isn't that so?"

"Naturally. Immediately after the inquest."

"At which," came the fruity voice of Colonel Fewster as he stood on the hearthrug, rocking from heel to toe, "at which inquest she wasn't even called as a witness. That'll show you how little she had to do with the tragedy." He puffed out his lips belligerently and glared across at Grogan.

Or could show you, Vivian thought wryly, how much she was known to be the wife of an important man in the dis-

trict, and so was spared the pain and publicity of the coroner's court!

"Heaven knows what distortions of the story you've heard," Angus said, and walked over to the table and poured himself another drink. The extent of the emotion he was suppressing was told in the rattle of decanter on tray as he put it down again.

"The bare fact known is that Mark Tyson, old Tyson's son, a very promising young man of twenty-one, died in an empty cottage that caught fire one night." He came back with his drink and stood stiffly facing Grogan. "What was said was that my wife was there in the cottage with him. That when the fire started she cleared out. Saved herself and made no effort to save him." The short sentences were fired like bullets.

"And why should she be expected to save him?" Manning wanted to know with a sceptical note in his voice.

"Because it came out that he was drunk—possibly dead drunk at the time and unaware of his danger—and may have passed out and been overcome by the smoke."

"You say this cottage where he died was unoccupied. Was she having a love affair with this young feller and meeting him clandestinely?"

The two stresses beside Angus' mouth suddenly appeared. "Oh, as to that! In a little place like this, it's enough for a woman who's pretty and attractive to be seen twice with a man for people to say she's having an affair with him. She was friendly with him, yes."

"Did he visit at your home?"

"Yes."

"With your consent?"

"Of course, often." Angus frowned impatiently. "And they sometimes lunched and did a show together in town. He was a very brilliant and handsome young man, doing an Arts course at the University. And there was no doubt that he—he lost his head completely over my wife. He haunted her and finally got himself into such a state that he failed in his exams."

"It's clear she'd begun to find his pursuit of her a little excessive and was trying to choke him off. At least, it looks like it from the fact that he started to drink heavily and, as I told you, was drunk on the night of his death. A man who's having a happy and successful love affair isn't usually seen around drunk and morose and generally letting himself go to pieces."

"That's right," Grogan agreed. "Yes, that's a pretty fair inference. But look, Mr. Latham, no doubt, like you say, there was a lot of nasty talk over this affair, but how much truth do you reckon there was in this rumor that got around? That she'd run off and left him drunk and inebriated to burn to death?"

There was a silence in the room for what seemed an age after this crude description of the event. Though not more crude, Vivian remembered, than the whispers that had started the very next day. "Left him to burn to death because she thought only of her own skin . . . or her own reputation . . . him such a splendid handsome young man . . . she could've done something to save him if she'd wanted to . . . maybe she wanted to see the last of him . . ." And so on and on the tongues had wagged.

Then: "I didn't believe it," Angus said. "She flatly denied being here at all. It was never proved one way or the other."

"Why couldn't it be proved? Where was she at the time?"

"Well . . . as it happened she'd gone to town that day, meaning to dine with friends. She told me she wouldn't be home till late, but her plans fell through and she drove home quite early, and, being at loose ends, dropped in and spent the evening with Mr. Paget in his caravan."

"I see, like that, was it?" Grogan looked over at Denis stretched out in the big chair, at his shut face and down-drawn mouth.

Denis gave a brief nod. "Yes, she was with me. We explained that time and again."

"And why wouldn't people

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Continuing . . .

## THE FLAME OF MURDER

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believe your statement, and hers."

Angus answered this: "There was an unfortunate chain of events that night, that's why. As Fewster and I were standing watching the fire, with various other people, someone asked me where Rowena was, and I said, 'Oh, she's in town, dining with friends, won't be back till late,' which was what I believed at the time."

"But her car had been seen driving through the main street shortly before nine. And of course, afterwards, people said that she'd lied to me when she told me she was going to be late in town, that she'd had a date at the cottage with Mark Tyson, and that afterwards she'd said she was with Paget to save herself, and that he—like a good friend—had backed her up in it."

There was another silence while Grogan drummed on his knee, wondering where the tie-up was with this year-old fatality and yesterday's crime. He glanced at the five faces: the husband who didn't even make a show of loving her. The little teenager—the second Mrs. Latham? The "good friend" that maybe was ready to swear black was white. The old neighbor—just sticking his nose in as neighbors will? And the new tenant of Burnside—

GROGAN'S glance rested rather longer on Vivian, not solely because he found her easy to look at but because he fancied he'd seen a sort of stiffness come over her face when Paget's part in the affair was mentioned.

In a minute he asked: "The inquest on young Tyson, now, what was the evidence given at it?"

"Simpson the pubkeeper's mostly," Angus told him. "He has that pub about three miles along the road. He was the last person to see him alive. He told that Mark turned up there at about seven o'clock on his motor cycle and started drinking. You couldn't expect a pubkeeper to say a patron was drunk, but he admitted he had a few and took a bottle of whisky away with him."

"What time did he leave?"

"Ten minutes to nine. Simpson said that he kept looking at his watch as it got towards nine, as though he had an appointment and wanted to be in good time. He must've gone straight to this little house. I don't know if you noticed that burnt-out shell just after you turn out of this road into the highway? Well, that's the place. It was a little weekendender that belonged to a friend of Mark's."

"The first sign of fire was seen shortly before ten. There was nothing left by twenty past. You probably know how a place like that can go up in a few minutes. A weatherboard cottage with everything as dry as tinder and a westerly blowing."

Fewster put in: "Yes, it surprised even me. And I've seen a bit of that sort of thing in the bush from time to time."

Angus said: "Young Lindt, the dairyman's son, happened to be passing and saw the flames. He ran up to Pine Hill to give the alarm, but by the time everyone got to the place it was an absolute inferno. flames shooting out of the windows and roof. You couldn't get near it."

"Not that anyone tried that hard," Fewster admitted, "because everyone thought the place was empty, that the fire had been started by some elec-

trical fault, and nobody felt like risking their life for somebody else's sticks of furniture. A fire engine arrived when it was almost out, and then this—shocking discovery of the boy's body was made. It rocked the district."

Grogan nodded thoughtfully. "Yes . . . must've. But look, now. What would this young feller be going to an empty house for at that hour of night, with a bottle of whisky, looking at his watch—like the hotelkeeper says—if it wasn't that he had this date with her?"

Angus said: "All right, all right, that was strong evidence against her. That's what everyone fastened on. I admit—though my wife didn't and never would—that she may have promised to meet him there, but that being a bit bored with him by this time she changed her mind and—and left him waiting, dropped in on Paget instead. I need hardly say," he added with a dry bitterness in his tone, "that few other people were so charitable in their reading of the facts! And the rumors were kept at a pleasurable pitch under the cloak of pity for old Tyson."

"He took it very hard indeed," Fewster recalled. "And no wonder. His only child, the apple of his eye, all his hopes set on him. He'd sit there in the window pretending to work, and ten minutes later down would come the blind and the door would be shut, and there'd be no answer if you knocked to take him a job or collect one or try to drop in to pass the time of day with him."

"Would you say it unbalanced him, unhinged his mind, like?"

"No, no, I wouldn't say that. Sane as you or me. Just simply bowled over by grief. However, the poor old boy pulled himself together after about six months and seemed to go on as before."

"Yes . . ." Grogan nodded, seeing the old man as he'd seen him this morning: a banked fire smouldering hotly below, needing only a breath to set it aflame. He said to Angus: "When was it you saw your wife for the last time, Mr. Latham, the day previous to her death?"

The day previous to her death. Vivian looked down, slowly turning the stem of her glass on her chair arm. Beneath lowered lashes she saw that Denis had turned his head and was looking full at Angus, waiting for his answer. Surely, surely now, she thought, Angus would tell the fact of that vitally important, that truly last meeting at night with Rowena in this house! . . .

But Angus merely murmured agreeingly: "Yes, up at her flat in Rose Bay."

"Well, now. You and her, you say, discussed her return home. Did she say anything about not liking to face all this slanderous talk again?"

"No, I think she took it for granted that it'd died down long ago."

"Why do you reckon everyone was that ready to be so spiteful about her?"

"Well, you know how it is. Someone feels they haven't been paid enough attention," Angus said with a small smile. "Someone thinks they should've been invited to this and that. There are few things that'll

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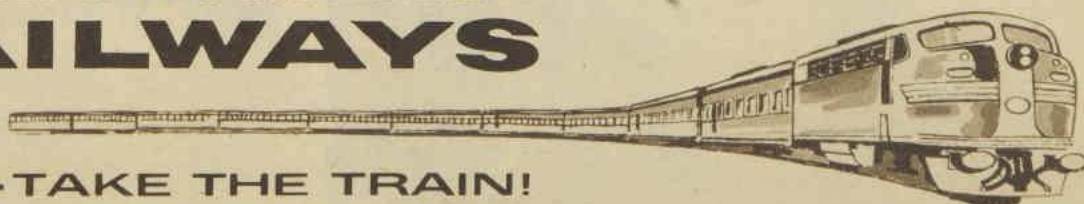
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 3, 1959

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# BIG BOYS IN...



**DANNY KAYE  
as Red Nichols**

*DANNY'S small daughter (Susan Gordon) and his wife (Barbara Bel Geddes) travel the nightclub circuit with Danny's band.*

*POLIO strikes Susan, and Danny blames himself for exposing her to an unnatural life and, in his grief, gives up his playing.*





*Film Parade*

# ...A BIG BLOW



**LOUIS ARMSTRONG**  
as himself

● Danny Kaye, due in Australia in a few weeks, will appear at the Prince Edward Theatre, Sydney, at the world premiere of his new Paramount film, "The Five Pennies."

It is based on the real-life story of Red Nichols, a boy from the country, who in the 'twenties went to New York and became the leader of a famous band, "The Five Pennies."

Jimmy Dorsey and Glenn Miller were both members. In the film they are played by Ray Anthony and Ray Daly, with Bobby Troupe as Nichols' old pianist, Arthur Schutt.

Danny sings four new numbers written for him by his wife, Sylvia Fine, and in a Harlem nightclub scene engages in a musical and singing contest with Louis Armstrong.

As well, Danny has several dance numbers, and appears in a hilarious skit on the early days of radio.

The great "Satchmo" was a friend and contemporary of Nichols. In the film, he re-enacts the role he played in Nichols' comeback after years of obscurity.

Nichols is still alive and playing.

*HAPPY ENDING comes when Danny's now-teenage daughter (Tuesday Weld) asks him to dance when at a nightclub.*







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# "Adult" mysteries

● Three new detective dramas arrive on Channel 9 this week, the first of the new American TV craze, the "adult" mysteries.

THE "adults" are "Meet McGraw," "The Thin Man," and "Richard Diamond, Private Detective."

"Meet McGraw" starts on June 2 at 10 p.m. and stars Frank Lovejoy.

McGraw, one of those fabulous people like Paladin, with only one name, is a rough, tough character with an eye for the women.

"The Thin Man" has TV stars Peter Lawford and Phyllis Kirk playing the well-remembered roles created by Myrna Loy and William Powell in films.

A newcomer named David Janssen is the star of "Richard Diamond, Private Detective," which starts on Thursday, June 4, at 10 p.m.

The arrival of "The Thin Man" means the end of "Bachelor Father." I'm not sorry. For all John Forsythe's darkly handsome charms, the show was never one of my favorites.

Mentioning Paladin reminds me that I'm getting tired of him being so very "U." He always knows the right thing to do, and does it

like a demented window-blind, saying a few inspirational words to a group of real live Scouts, all of whom had made a contribution to the American way of life.

It was all too much for me.

AN American critic recently took the producers of "Maverick" to task over their episode "Gunshy" that parodied "Gunsmoke."

He said that the parody, telecast here recently, would be completely bewildering unless viewers had watched both shows constantly, and cited it as a prime example of a contemptuous attitude to the television.

I'd never thought of it like that, but I do agree that it would have been hard for anyone except a constant viewer to appreciate.

As a constant viewer, I enjoyed the parody, but I didn't think the joke held up for the full hour. "Maverick" is always good entertainment, but this episode was not nearly as good as usual, and to have been really successful it should have been better.

I thought "Gunshy's" Chester, Doc, and Miss Kitty were



FRANK LOVEJOY as McGraw, of the new "adult" mystery "Meet McGraw," starting on Channel 9 on Tuesday, June 2, at 10 p.m.

## TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

so well that it's very depressing for average viewers.

And he's too cultured. Never even gets a quotation slightly wrong, and is always ready with the classical allusion that highlights his particular plight.

The only time he seems human to me is when he rides so gingerly, obviously not really at home on his horse. Heroes can be too good, I think. A little human weakness often makes them more lovable.

I DON'T think the Loretta Young Show (Channel 7, Mondays, 9 p.m.) will ever be very popular here, three Emmys or not. (The Emmy, the TV equivalent of the Oscar, has been awarded to it three times.)

Australians don't like their sentiment laid on with a trowel, and Loretta's show is just sentiment with film, as distinct from a film with sentiment.

My eyes were bugged out as I watched Loretta. With her eyelids flapping up and down, she emoted all over the screen as she carried on about making a real family out of herself, as the heroine, her husband, and their son.

Loretta, who whipped in and out of various house gowns, negligees, and slacks in the half-hour show, and her husband, Kenneth Tobey, much more happily cast as the head bird in Whirlybirds (Channel 7, Fridays, 7.30 p.m.), sorted the situation out with the help of lashings of packaged philosophy dialogue.

After the final commercial, Loretta ended up with those eyelids raising and lowering

wonderful. Marshal Dillon disappointed me.

But talking of the ways of TV channels, as a viewer I resent the way channels take shows off, put others on, chop and change advertised programmes.

Every channel has been guilty of this, but at the moment Channel 7 seems to be in the middle of taking great pleasure in thumbing its nose at the viewer.

Disappeared from their programmes recently without a trace is "Silent Service," one of the best wartime documentary-type series yet, and "Dragnet," TV's old faithful, with my friends Joe Friday and Officer Smith.

Most viewers were sick and tired of Joe, but they all would have liked to know about his fate—whether he was about to be axed, stored awhile, or just moved to another time.

This "don't let's tell the viewers" policy is a sure way to unpopularity.

THE return of Eric Baume to television (Channel 9, Wednesdays, 10.30 p.m.) brings back some passion to late viewing. For Mr. Baume is a master at arousing the passions of viewers. He must be one of the most shouted-at men on TV.

But he's good to watch. His new session, "Viewpoints," is a combination of news, film, comment, and interviews with celebrity guests.

In his first show Mr. Baume also demonstrated another new way to light a cigarette, and revived his old, familiar feud with the drivers of semi-trailers, who, I'm told, are known as "baumies" in some circles.



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JULIUS KATCHEN



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## NEW RELEASES

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent  
★ Average

★★ Above Average  
No star—Poor

### ★★★ SEPARATE TABLES.

Drama, with Deborah Kerr, Rita Hayworth, David Niven, and Burt Lancaster. Regent, Sydney.

FLAWLESS acting and direction give Terence Rattigan's stage hit a rare quality of reality as a film.

It concerns a group of widely assorted characters who are "keeping up appearances" in a drah, genteel private hotel at Bournemouth, managed by outwardly austere Wendy Hiller.

There is Rita Hayworth, in residence for a night, making a calculated but touching manoeuvre to recapture the affection of her embittered ex-husband, Burt Lancaster.

Her problem is heightened by a strong romantic bond which has developed between Lancaster and Wendy Hiller, whose lack of looks is compensated by a stiff-upper-lip nobility of character.

The affairs of the trio, however, are overshadowed by the misery of broken reed Deborah Kerr (superbly acting as if she's as colorless as a drink of water under the domination of her upper-class-conscious mother (Gladys Cooper), and the unspoken crush Miss Kerr builds up for David Niven.

He is magnificent as an ex-Army officer, frightfully British, frightfully boring, and completely bogus.—M.C.

In a word... ABSORBING.

### ★★★ UNDERWATER ROMANCE

Oriental drama, with Kyoko Izumi, Minoru Ohki, Reiko Hitomi, and Akira Ishihama. In color. Esquire, Sydney.

THIS diverting Japanese film is an eye-opener in artistic presentation—nearly every scene could be framed as a wall-picture—and also for its revelations on the robust nature of contemporary Japanese women.

It is about fair-sex ocean divers who swim like mermaids, love with Western sophistication, and fight like alley cats.

There is an epic battle between the village's femme fatale, Nagi, played by smouldering Kyoko Izumi, and peppery little belle O-Taka (Reiko Hitomi).

A fish-market row, triggered off by O-Taka, who is jealous of Nagi's supremacy as a diver and her callous treatment of lovers (including the girls' pin-up boy, handsome Sakuji), ends in a bout between the two ladies, scratching and hair-pulling, and rolling over endless sand dunes.

Neither Sakuji nor Akira Ishihama (playing a clean-cut teenage lad called Isamu, who is also suffering from Nagi-itis) has any fun or

worthwhile romance ashore or underwater.

But between them they inadvertently rid the village of Nagi.

However, although the fade-out is on a pathetic note, it is obvious that the lads are destined for happier times.

The seashore fairly teems with luscious, young, white-saronged fishergirls who will be eager to console them.—M.C.

In a word

FASCINATING.

### ★★ THE TRAP

Paramount modern Western, with Richard Widmark, Lee J. Cobb, Tina Louise, Earl Holliman. In Technicolor, VistaVision, State, Sydney.

THOUGH there's never a horse in sight, this film, a modern Western, has all the trappings of tradition—sheriffs, gangsters, romance, flying bullets in a verandah-posted town, and a chase through the desert.

Smoother than the usual black-hatted 19th-century villain is Lee J. Cobb as Massonetti, crime leader, making a bid to skip the country by taking over a small town's airport.—H.F.

In a word... GUNPLAY.

### THE BUCCANEER

Historical adventure, with Yul Brynner, Charles Boyer, Charlton Heston, Claire Bloom, and Inger Stevens. In color. Prince Edward, Sydney.

YUL BRYNNER swaggers through the film with a small moustache and a thick head of hair. He strums a guitar and even sings a song, but does nothing to establish himself as the fabulous buccaneer Jean Lafitte.

Neither is his grizzly, grey-haired, rather lanky second-in-command, Charles Boyer, much of a sea-dog.

For sentimental reasons supplied by the Governor's daughter (Inger Stevens), Brynner develops a passion for American citizenship at a time when his help saves the day and New Orleans for Charlton Heston, cast as General Jackson in the War of 1812 against the British, who are the "baddies."

Everything is geared for a rosy future for the prissy Inger and reputable citizen Yul, until fate makes a hard swipe which sends him reeling back aboard his boat, and into the arms of Claire Bloom.—M.C.

In a word

UNCONVINCING.



An information-packed article about your  
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## The secrets of happy spoon feeding



Help at Bedtime

First Birthday fun

● The secret of happy spoon feeding isn't really a secret at all. It's simply that most Doctors and Health Centres recommend a start on solid foods before baby actually needs them. So don't worry about how much baby eats in the early stages, so long as he learns to enjoy eating.

● At first he'll be surprised he can't suck food—his tongue has to roll each bite back to his throat. You can help. Put the bowl of the spoon on baby's lower lip. When his mouth opens, brush off the food against his upper lip. Use a small spoon, a tiny taste at first. Heinz Strained Apples are a wonderful introduction.

● When does Baby feed himself? Early in his second year he's ready to try. Encourage his independence, don't mind the splashes and smears too much. It's worthwhile eventually for his sake—and yours.

● Bedtime 'stalling' may be fear, not just reluctance to trot off to bed. A playmate who teases, strange sitters, parents who 'sneak out', can bring on fear fast. This is no time for scolding. A dim light, door ajar, Mummy in the nursery may all help. If you keep calm, so will baby.

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rouse greater rancor than an imagined social slight."

"My word! No two ways about that." The inspector turned to Denis. "On this night, Mr. Paget, when the lady paid a visit to your caravan."

"Yes?" Denis pulled his long length out of the chair and walked slowly to the window and back. He looked tired, uneasy at what was coming.

"Do you recall all the details of this visit?" Grogan asked.

"Certainly. I'd been in Sydney that day, too. I'd just returned, hadn't been back in my caravan five minutes when she came along."

"Had she ever been there before?"

"Yes, I think so. Everyone was anxious to see my diminutive home. It was the first time I'd camped in this district."

Vivian thought: Yes, the first time Rowena had decided to make another conquest of Denis. She had seen her getting to work. "Dropping in" on him, making opportunities to be alone with him, practising her magnetic stuff on him. Her own jealousy hadn't been aroused by that one incident only. There had been plenty of small signs for it to feed on, leading up to that night.

Grogan was asking Denis: "Can you tell us the exact time she arrived at your door?"

"No, I can't, I can't possibly. Naturally that's the important point. Whether she was with me when the fire actually started or only arrived when it was under way."

"Yes, did she ever go to the

## Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

from page 61

other place at all. Did she slip him up and come straight to you? Couldn't you even say if it was nearer nine or ten?"

"No idea. None whatever. You're not aware of the clock when you're camping the way I am. You go to bed when you feel like it, and eat and get up by the same law."

"How did she look when you went to the door to her?"

"How did she look?"

"Did she look like she'd been hurrying, like she was excited or upset about anything?"

"No, I can't recall her looking any different from her usual self."

"Did she say where she'd been?"

"Yes, she told me just what you've heard her husband say she told him later: that some engagement in town had fallen through and that she'd driven home early. We sat and had a talk and a drink. I find it hard to believe, in fact, I can't and won't believe, she'd just been guilty of such a damnable act."

"How long did she stay with you?"

"She left soon after eleven." "You remember when she left but not when she came," Manning said, raking Denis with his gloomy stare.

Denis turned a cool eye on him. "Yes, Sergeant, I remember that, because it was she who looked at her watch and said, 'After eleven, I must be getting along.'"

"And at that time, you claim, neither of you had seen or heard anything of the fire? That correct?"

"Nothing. Down there in the dip the world above goes on pleasantly dimmed."

"When she got home," Angus said, "I broke the news to her and she was floored, absolutely floored."

"Did she mention to you then that she'd spent her evening with Mr. Paget and not in town?"

Angus looked back at Manning as though the question put to him had come from a long way off. But before he

\*\*\*\*\*  
We are more liable to catch the vices than the virtues of our companions.  
\*\*\*\*\*

— Denis Diderot

could answer a voice spoke from the doorway, the rasping voice of Tyson:

"Ask him that again! Ask him to swear it on oath! No, she didn't tell him that then, because she didn't think of it till next day, when she discovered what people knew—that her car had been seen shortly before nine on the way to her meeting with my son."

After this aggressive challenge, Tyson walked into the room, turning his head neither to right nor left. He went across to the mantelpiece, undid the newspaper parcel he was carrying, and lifted the marble clock on to the shelf, where it had ticked away for the past half-century or so.

Turning, he addressed Vivian: "I think you'll find it's keeping good time now, Miss Wyatt. I tapped but nobody heard me, so I took the liberty of walking in. Good evening."

ANGUS stopped him on his way back to the door and said angrily: "Look here, Mr. Tyson, I'm getting a bit tired of this obsession of yours. We all know such facts as there are to be known, and you don't know any more than the rest of us. You've got no right to go on affirming this thing when there's obviously so much doubt."

"I beg leave to differ. I have no doubt." The old man drew himself up and stared back at Angus in hostility.

"Rubbish! Only two people know the truth about that night, and both of them are dead."

Tyson's eyes were steady, focused not on Angus, though, but on the shaft of his own next arrow. He simply waited for Angus to stop. Then he said: "I know you and her friends have even gone so far as to admit that she may have arranged to meet Mark at the cottage that night. But your only defence of her is to bring forth the notion that she never went there, because she was growing tired of him—bored with him, no less!—and 'stood him up,' as I believe the expression is."

"There were certain signs—" Angus began.

But this time Tyson didn't even wait for him to finish. "What signs?" he demanded. "What reason have you got to suppose that she was tiring of my son? She was an ageing woman and—"

"My wife was thirty-four."

"Quite so. My son was twenty-one. At the very peak of his young manhood . . .

and beautiful . . . and clever. Why, I ask you, should she have had this assignation with him at the empty cottage that night and then suddenly have grown too 'bored' to keep it? I don't think so."

Under the dry, precise words a raging bitterness made itself heard. The insult! That anyone should dare to tire of his paragon! He let the words rest on the silence, looking round now at each discomforted face.

Grogan's was discreetly eclipsed by the handkerchief he was passing over his moist brow. There were few things more fruitful for a cop, he always said, than when two witenesses started in on a slanging match!

"No, no, she was there," Tyson persisted. "At her work of sapping him and destroying him and turning his thoughts away from his work and his fine career. I admit he may have been drunk—incapable—when the fire took them unawares. She'd brought him to that, too! I'd seen what she was doing to him for weeks—months—beforehand. So she panicked, and instead of giving the alarm got into her car and drove away till it was all over and she could go home and exhibit great surprise."

Words came to Vivian's tongue. For a moment she held them back. Open up all that now? Painful for Angus, dangerous, maybe, for Denis and herself, to uncover for the police the very emotional tangles and motives they were searching for.

But the words came, after that instant's hesitation: "Listen, Mr. Tyson, why will you go on torturing yourself like this? You won't even remember what I told you. That I went down to see Denis that night, that I saw a light in the caravan from the top of the hill. But the light was out when I came up to it, the door was locked when I knocked and called him, and, as they told us next day, when they heard my footsteps approaching, Rowena thought—" She stopped and looked across at Angus.

He said: "Go ahead, Vivian. Or I will. She thought it was me. Isn't that right, Denis?"

Denis nodded. "Yes. As I told you—and you more than sensibly believed—though we were doing nothing worse than having a chat and a drink, she suddenly switched off the light and turned the key and whispered, 'Keep quiet! If this is Angus I don't want him suspecting me with you, too!'"

Again Tyson's expression showed that he was busy with his own retort. "Then why, may I ask, when you heard that it was Miss Wyatt outside didn't you open the door?"

"Well . . . once having locked it, the situation would have been a little embarrassing, whoever it was. I thought it was a silly little incident that would die a natural death there and then." He flicked a glance at Vivian.

Her luminous grey eyes refused to meet it. Her face was pale. She said: "If they hadn't been in there together, Mr. Tyson, why didn't he tell me the truth next day? If only me. That he was just giving her an alibi. You know it caused a split between us, and I went away to Europe."

The malice of Tyson's smile had satisfaction in it. "Oh, that's quite understandable. No doubt she made him promise not to let even you know the facts, for fear they would leak out. I don't deny or belittle her powers to seduce young men from their careers and their fiancées."

"And the light I saw in the

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## Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

caravan that wasn't there when I got nearer?" she persisted.

"The moon shining on the window," he said. "It was a brilliant moonlight night, as I remember. I'm not likely to forget anything to do with that night."

Neither was Vivian. The moon in a clear sky. And the other thing also remembered that she had omitted from her story just now, something explosive to tell in front of everyone.

A year ago, in December, she had come up to stay with the Hennesseys, and there had been a small house party at Pine Hill. Sheila and her mother had been among them, and at first there had been a pleasant air of jollity, with picnics and parties and preparations for a traditional Christmas. The Lathams, held hard by tradition, would sit down to roast turkey and a flaming pudding with a temperature of a hundred in the shade.

Then that night . . . the night of the fire.

Some time during the evening she had walked into the village to post some letters. On her way home she had come through a little bit of bush at the back of the cottage so soon to go up in flames; idling along, she remembered, in the hot gusty night, with the smell of eucalyptus around her and the metallic rattle of their graves overhead. She had passed quite close to the low back fence of the cottage, had glanced in, and there it had been, standing on the back verandah in the full blaze of that white moon.

The honey tin. It had meant nothing to her then, just one object among some other odds and ends standing there. Barely registering it, she had walked on.

Neither Carl nor Toni had been in when she got back. Quentin had dropped in, looking for Toni. The evening had had a desultory, timeless air about it. Later, wondering if Denis was back — he had gone down to Sydney that day — she had strolled down to the caravan to see, only to be met by the — then — mysteriously locked door.

The reappearance of that in this morning, standing near the footbridge, fresh and colorful in the sunlight, and her recollection this afternoon of where she had seen it before, filled her mind with an outrageous suspicion: that the fire that night had been no accident, as everyone had thought, talking of a cigarette and thrown into the kitchen

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basket or a match tossed carelessly out the window. Oh, no! No accident! Someone had crept up to the back with a tin of kerosene and deliberately kindled it.

The suspicion grew and grew, refusing to be dismissed, although she kept telling herself that two violent deaths, two tragedies in the past twelve months in this little place, were enough without piling another crime on top of them.

But if her suspicions were right, where had this firebug been at that moment when she passed the cottage? Hearing



"Here's that sign you wanted me to make."

her footsteps, had stepped out of sight, perhaps, behind that bit of trellis.

Why, though? Why? What could have been the object of that crime, that act of arson? Could it have been an earlier attempt on Rowena's life by someone thinking she was there alone waiting for Mark? Or an attempt to smoke out the lovers and expose their guilt for all the world to see? Or — not knowing they were in it that night — a resolve to burn down the "love nest" where they could so conveniently meet?

When Grogan was leaving, Vivian made an opportunity to go to the front gate with him. Strolling down the path, she told him about the honey tin, her first sight of it a year ago, and her second sight this morning by the creek.

He listened attentively, questioned her closely about every detail of that night, discussed the possibility of there being two identical tins in the district — Petty might know that, or some apiarist round about — but agreed with her

in thinking that that "accidental" fire could have been an act of arson.

She ended by telling him, triumphantly, of where the tin would not be found, of her search for it that afternoon.

Clicking shut the gate behind him, he turned back to say: "Well, we might be more successful than you. If that tin was standing round this morning, let's hope it's still somewhere above ground."

Colonel Fewster went back to his shabby old, snug old, homely old dwelling down the road when the interrogation was at an end.

He found Mrs. Siskin in the kitchen ostentatiously keeping the dinner hot and in none too amiable a mood. Her back turned, she inquired with a rattle of the oven door: "Have a nice time?"

"Nice!" he grunted.

The kitchen was inviting, full of the smell of roast chicken. Bread sauce simmered gently in its saucepan, peas waited in butter. Everything was neat and orderly for the dishing up. And Mrs. Siskin with one twitch off of the apron would be dished up invitingly, too, in flowered nylon and three strings of pearls.

Fewster had no eye for her tonight. He went to the cupboard, took out a bottle, and poured two drinks, sloshing in three fingers of whisky and ripping the cap off a bottle of soda water.

"Those ruddy policemen!" he growled.

She pivoted round on her plump shapely feet. "Were they there?"

"They were. Raking up all that old trouble again."

"You mean? . . ."

"The fire."

Leaving the stove, Mrs. Siskin came over and stood by the kitchen table. "What about it? Anything fresh have they discovered?"

"N . . . O!" It came out on a long sceptical whiskied breath. "No . . . As if it wasn't bad enough for Angus to lose his wife without having all that mud slung at her again."

"I don't suppose that worries him much."

"He didn't look too happy tonight, I can tell you that."

"Anyhow, everyone knows it was just an accident. What's it got to do with the poor woman's death yesterday?"

"Don't ask me. All I can say is, we'll be heartily sick of the whole business before it's over."

Standing erect, she listened,

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## Continuing... THE FLAME OF MURDER

[from page 73]

eyes fixed on his face, as he recounted with his usual wealth of detail all that had been said up at Burnside. Her expression spoke a growing contempt for the detectives' efforts.

At the end: "Is that all? Heaven help us!" she said, "they're not trying to make out that somebody murdered her because they weren't asked to her parties!" and she threw back her head and laughed.

As Angus garaged the car on his return home at about the same time, the aromatic smell of burning told him that his mother was at one of her favorite occupations. He went through the vegetable garden and across the side lawns to where she stood leaning on the rake, watching the pile of leaves burst into flame.

HE came up to her. "Mother!" His tone was severe: "You know that's strictly against the bushfire regulations."

"Don't be so fussy, Angus. That's just to make the silly little people careful. It's perfectly safe, I've got the hose handy."

"You've been at Burnside?" she said. "Anything fresh?"

"Just what you predicted this morning. Not fresh and it doesn't sound any better after a year."

"Oh, that was it, the fire. Perhaps with these expert minds trained on it the truth of the affair may emerge at last." Angus didn't answer. "Do you think so?" she questioned. "Do you think so?"

"I shouldn't think it likely, no."

"No," she echoed, and raked more leaves on to the flames.

He turned away.

"Angus."

Her voice stopped him.

"Yes?"

"Do you think it's a good idea to let that little girl stop on at Burnside?"

"Sheila?"

"Yes, of course, Sheila! Do you think it's wise?"

"Wise who for?"

"Well..." she looked at him through the blue smoke-veil between them: "Wise for her."

"For her! Wise for Sheila!"

He peered at her, his tone highlighting the foolishness of her words.

"Now, Angus! I mean — well, you know perfectly well what I mean. You don't want to have the police thinking... After all, she's so very foreign to our circle, what can they think she's here for? Such a little nobody, with only a rather struggling social position and very ambitious. I'm so afraid it might be thought she's out to catch you and hardly cares what —" She broke off and gave a poke at the fire. "It isn't fair to her, dear, is it? She should go home again. If you like I'll drop a hint to Vivian."

"You'll do nothing of the sort, please, Mother. Oblige me by keeping out of this."

"You may regret it, Angus."

"What do you mean?"

Briefly she told him of the morning's incident, of Sheila with the silver sauce-boat.

He looked at his mother in silence for a long minute. The silence lasted until without another word he turned and walked away, back over her neatly raked path and lawn.

Shortly before dinner that evening Toni Hennessey was making raspberry jam. Toni would often start some such activity in the evening and lie in bed reading all the morning.

Now, with the dinner hour approaching and nothing prepared, she stood by the bubbling preserving pan, wooden spoon in hand, a workmanlike little figure in her rolled-up jeans and sleeveless cotton sweater, her hair honey-gold, her face becomingly flushed.

At the table Quentin sat at the task she had set him: cutting rounds of paver to cover the pots. Toni's movements were brisk and absorbed, Quentin's lethargic. His sun-tanned face was the face of one in a dream, absent, lost. He hadn't spoken for some time and that was unusual. Once or twice, from under her lashes, Toni sent him a sidelong glance. She kept up a chatter about everyday things, while the wooden spoon dipped into the boiling fruit and the sickly sweet smell rose up and filled the kitchen.

In a minute she rested the spoon on a saucer and went

over and put a hand on his shoulder. "Poor old Quentin! I know you're feeling frightful. We all are, of course, but —"

He gave a nod. "Leave those old things. I'll do them later. Get a drink for us."

A headshake. "Quentin — darling, I do hate seeing you like this, when as a rule it's such fun being together... isn't it?"

His composure cracked. The scissors fell to the table. He clasped his hands behind her waist and crushed his head against her slender bosom. "Toni!... Toni!"

"Poor little Quentin," she murmured, and ran her hand over his hair, letting her fingers linger and rest on the young, strong neck.

He jumped up and took her in his arms, kissing her eyes, her mouth.

Toni half responded, half pushed him away. Sweet, motherly, lovingly, sisterly, she met and managed his boyish ardor.

The sound of the kitchen door opening, and almost in the same instant shutting, gentle though it was, was like a thunderclap to Quentin. His arms fell away from her, his face went pale.

"That was Carl," he whispered. "He saw us!"

"No. No."

"I tell you he must have, Toni." Shocked, he stood rigid, staring at her. "The door was open for quite a second; we're right in the line of vision. How could he not have seen you were in my arms?"

"Oh, he's always so busy, so full of himself, he didn't notice."

"He didn't think I knew he was there! He thought I was too taken up with kissing you! Why did he shut the door again. Why did he go away?"

She tried to laugh, put out a hand to him. "Don't be silly, Quentin. He'd forgotten something. He meant to come in and didn't."

"He saw me kissing you and didn't," he said, letting the words fall with damning emphasis.

"What a mad boy you are! What has come over you? You're nothing but a man of jitters. I know you've got

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## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. An Australian may be a corn-stalk but not necessarily this (3, 2, 5).
7. Irritates with plants (7).
9. Subject of conversation in a tomato picking (5).
10. Used by divers (6-6).
12. It can be a relic yet is still tasty and iced (6).
14. Pastel (Anagr., 6).
17. It belongs to something the punter can ape (12).
21. The place of "elsewhere" is not a bad excuse (5).
22. Beat of the drum (3-1-3).
23. Caddies guard the result of his work (3-7).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

1. Ephraim took away his birth-right (8).
2. An idiot who is able to cancel the effect of a previous sign (7).
3. Whitlow caused by a criminal (5).
4. Entice at a short treatise (7).
5. Spirited by a cry (4).
6. Potato in James' pudding (4).
8. The boss weeps under mental distress (4).
11. Do not forget about the limb (8).
13. Useless lie unit (7).
15. Grieved for an inup in Eden (5).
16. Heavenly body whose "vital statistics" are important in Hollywood (4).
18. Conceited, formal person with the exterior of a porker (4).
19. The ancient Ethiopia (5).
20. Shoemaker's model comes after all others (4).

Solution will be published next week.



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TURKISH DELIGHT

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FRUIT SUNDAE

**2/-**  
and 1/- blocks



[from page 74]

every reason to be sad and grieved, but—

"I thought he didn't know," he said slowly, as though she weren't speaking. "I didn't think he'd let me—let me—"

"I tell you, you're mad." "I mean, why should he? Why should he shut the door and creep off and leave us alone unless—unless he thinks I'm only a kid who doesn't matter? Or—"

"Quentin!" she cried. "Or he's got an even better reason for not wanting to see." He turned and went quickly out of the room.

Vivian came back from the door to find Denis alone—Sheila had gone into the drawing-room opposite—standing at the window watching Angus' car vanish up the road. As he turned, his face was grim.

"So once again poor old Angus didn't come clean," he said. "Just calmly stuck to his story of seeing her for the last time the day before at the flat. Amazing!"

"Oh, well . . ." Vivian plumped up a cushion on the sofa and sat down with a sigh. "Oh, well, what?"

"Perhaps we've all got something that we haven't come quite clean about, that we reserve the right to keep silent on."

"I'm blown if I have." "Aren't you conniving at his silence?"

She leant back and looked up at him with thoughtful eyes that measured his tall figure and dark, confident face.

"That's different. His silence makes it almost impossible for me to speak."

**H**E roamed about the room for a minute, lighted a cigarette, came back, and placed his match carefully in the ashtray at her side.

"Have you got something you're keeping quiet about?" he asked, looking down at her suspiciously.

"I might have."

"Even from me?" "Even! However, don't let us have any soul-searching just now. Get me a drink."

He went over to the table and poured her a gin squash and one for himself. Bringing them back he sat down on the sofa beside her. Sitting cornerwise, his glance rested on her pale face with its big, light-filled eyes whose greyness sometimes had a silvery gleam, on her mouth that could be so meltingly sweet and yet could keep so obstinately silent. Even a year ago, when the split had come, there had been no accusations, no reproaches on her part. Worse! Just a walk-out.

Slowly now she lifted her drink and drank, her lashes lowered to the frosted glass.

"Talkin' of 'soul-searching,'" he said, "I couldn't help wondering just now, when the police were here, whether you'd be better pleased if you found out that Tyson was right. That Rowena and I hadn't been shut up in the caravan that night, but only cooked up the story that we had next day, as he insists."

"That's a hard one." Turning the ice round and round in her glass, she thought it over. "Would I rather that Rowena had been an inhuman monster who left her lover to burn to death or an all too human woman who was out to snare you? You, my property."

"To snare me!" he scoffed. "Angus set you a good example. The husband—the only one that didn't believe

Rowena and I were up to something that night behind the locked door."

"Not so very generous of him. Angus liked you and he didn't love her; I didn't like her and I did love you."

"Did? Did?" He waited for her to qualify it, but she just stubbed her cigarette and took another sip of her drink. "Well, in spite of that dirty crack, I'm still ready to strike a bargain with you."

"What's that?" He leant along the sofa to her. "Darling Vivian, if you'll promise never never to hark back to that sickening subject of the fire, I'm ready to offer you marriage. My heart and my home. A honeymoon in the caravan—the bunks, by the way, are not nearly as uncomfortable as I said."

"I never believed they were!"

"There's my offer. Don't answer too hastily. Think it over tonight. Tell me tomorrow. Think of Christmas at Burnside!"

"Think of Christmas anywhere—now."

"Yes, but here— No, I'm serious. I want to get you away from this house. I don't like it. I don't like the set-up at all. I don't like Sheila. I don't like its attics. I don't like its marble clocks and its feeble antiques. It reeks of Victorianism, of open drains and shut windows, of bonnets and headwork. It's a horrid little house. I feel it's waiting to spring again."

"Don't be daft!" But she looked out into the darkening hall, the tunnel-like passage that so quickly lost the borrowed light that the small windows of the rooms gave it. The stain had a disconcerting way of creaking when no one was walking on them, the wind sounded lonely in the chimneys. You could picture it as gloomy now, the house she had liked so well a week or so ago.

"Mark my words," he said, "I'm psychic, I'm a seventh child. I think you ought to pack up and come away."

But there was something in Vivian that rebelled against the idea of this frightened scurrying forth.

"No, no!" she said. "I'm staying."

To be continued

When the  
big wash is  
**OVER...**

a dirty spot's  
not funny!



Just a touch of good  
golden **SUNLIGHT** before  
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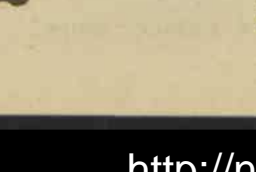
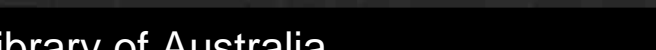
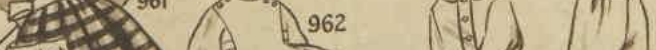
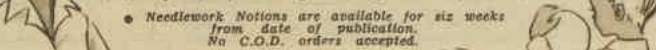
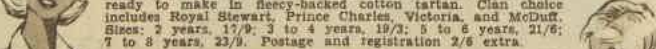
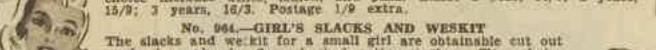
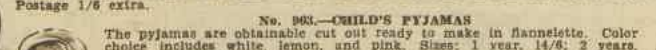
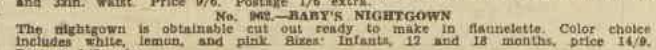
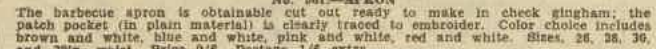
F5268.—Swinging, pleated skirt is topped by a brief jacket with a tie collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.

F5269.—Tailored blouse has three-quarter sleeves, is accented with pintucking on the front bodice. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F5270.—Classic slim skirt has a tabbed and buttoned trimming. Sizes 24 to 30in. waist. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material. Price 2/6.

## BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F5266.—Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make matador pants for a small girl. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires ¾ to 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 960.—MAN'S BARBECUE APRON  
The apron is obtainable cut out ready to make in check denim; the patch pocket (in plain material) is clearly traced to embroider. Color choice includes brown and white, blue and white, and burgundy and white. Price 13/9. Postage 1/6 extra.

No. 961.—APRON  
The barbecue apron is obtainable cut out ready to make in check gingham; the patch pocket (in plain material) is clearly traced to embroider. Color choice includes brown and white, blue and white, pink and white, red and white. Sizes 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist. Price 9/6. Postage 1/6 extra.

No. 962.—BABY'S NIGHTGOWN  
The nightgown is obtainable cut out ready to make in flannelette. Color choice includes white, lemon, and pink. Sizes: Infants, 12 and 18 months, price 14/9. Postage 1/6 extra.

No. 963.—CHILD'S PYJAMAS  
The pyjamas are obtainable cut out ready to make in flannelette. Color choice includes white, lemon, and pink. Sizes: 1 year, 14/6; 2 years, 15/9; 3 years, 16/3. Postage 1/9 extra.

No. 964.—GIRL'S SLACKS AND WESKIT  
The slacks and weskit for a small girl are obtainable cut out ready to make in fleecy-backed cotton tartan. Color choice includes Royal Stewart, Prince Charles, Victoria, and McDuff. Sizes: 2 years, 15/9; 3 to 4 years, 19/2; 5 to 6 years, 21/6; 7 to 8 years, 23/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



# AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning June 1



## ARIES The Ram

MARCH 31-APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 8.  
Lucky color for love, black.  
Gambling colors, black, rose.  
Lucky days, Monday, Wed.  
Luck in the printed word.



## TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 1.  
Lucky color for love, violet.  
Gambling colors, violet, orange.  
Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.  
Luck in a business transaction.



## GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 9.  
Lucky color for love, grey.  
Gambling colors, grey, yellow.  
Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.  
Luck in a quick decision.



## CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 7.  
Lucky color for love, any pastel.  
Gambling colors, tricolors.  
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.  
Luck in generosity.



## LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 6.  
Lucky color for love, navy-blue.  
Gambling colors, navy, gold.  
Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.  
Luck through friends.



## VRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 3.  
Lucky color for love, green.  
Gambling colors, green, rose.  
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.  
Luck in good publicity.



## LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

Lucky number this week, 4.  
Lucky color for love, orange.  
Gambling colors, orange, brown.  
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.  
Luck in working to a plan.



## SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 2.  
Lucky color for love, white.  
Gambling colors, white, black.  
Lucky days, Monday, Friday.  
Luck in a present.



## SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 24-DECEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 1.  
Lucky color for love, mauve.  
Gambling colors, mauve, grey.  
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.  
Luck through the one you love.



## CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 24-JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 1.  
Lucky color for love, brown.  
Gambling colors, brown, green.  
Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.  
Luck in vitality.



## AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 9.  
Lucky color for love, red.  
Gambling colors, red, white.  
Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.  
Luck in a calculated risk.



## PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 7.  
Lucky color for love, silver.  
Gambling colors, silver, gold.  
Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.  
Luck in the end of a chapter.

Whether you're hunting a job, looking for a bargain, desirous of finding a hard-to-get item, watch the newspapers. If anxious for new ideas in regard to home entertaining, interior decoration or wardrobe, watch magazines. In some way a publication is going to play a part in your affairs. Some of you read a helpful article on human relationships.

Many of you gratify a wish, finding it less expensive than you anticipated. Commitments made now should be carried out without becoming a burden. If young, in love, window-shopping, to that future home and the purchase of an engagement ring are the highlights of a memorable week. The homemaker will rejoice over a major investment for her home.

Subconsciously you may have been making up your mind, but suddenly the right opportunity to realise a dream or an ambition presents itself. This may mean an offer of marriage which you accept, because unknown to you a feeling of friendship has developed into a warmer emotion. If dissatisfied you may cut loose from familiar associations.

If a pal has been unkind, you'll forgive and forget. If you're asked to work overtime in all emergency you won't begrudge it, for you'll be storing up goodwill, valuable in the future. If a homemaker you may be called upon to help a neighbor in difficulties. The voluntary worker is likely to take on a task which others have turned down.

A surprise invitation, a suggestion which arouses your interest, a party, a trip to a place unseen before send your social activities off on a pleasant tangent. If young, in love, you team up with another couple, make a congenial foursome for dances, theatre-going. A few of you meet your future life partners at the home of a mutual friend.

Those who have been working faithfully now discover that their efforts are appreciated. If in paid employment the boss may decide you are due for a promotion or carries prestige. The voluntary worker receives a presentation or is guest of honor on a special occasion. Be ready with that charming speech of thanks which best shows your personality.

If you are a student, have a regular time for your homework. If you are reading for pleasure, limit yourself to one or two subjects until you feel you have gained an insight into them. If you have a spare-time interest, cultivate certain sides of it in which you are weakest. Socially you come in contact with those from whom you can learn much.

That gift might take the form of a small sum of money from a parent or elder, or it could be a discarded piece of furniture, or an article of clothing. Don't scorn it; you can turn it into an asset. Grandma's whatnot can fit in with contemporary designs, that fur can be remodelled. You might even give yourself a present by hunting in cupboards.

If a teenager, your date may obtain an invitation for you to an important social event. If engaged, your fiancé is likely to make you a gift which has cost both time and money. If a young married, your husband agrees to an enterprise dear to your heart. If older, the marriage partner could have an honor bestowed upon him.

Keep those good resolutions; eat for looks as well as for flavor. If you have gone on a diet, don't tell anybody. Let them admire your slimmer silhouette. Try a few home beauty treatments. Knowing that you are ready to face the most critical eyes, you'll glow with confidence, vitality. Your girl-friends and your men-friends will look twice.

So long as you can afford to lose you can take a chance on a gamble. This could be anything from a raffle to the purchase of a piece of property which you believe is likely to increase in value. Any speculation could be mildly profitable, but do not expect wildcat schemes to yield a thousand per cent. The permanent number of Aquarius is 4.

You are hearing the end of a cycle. Whatever problems you have had to face now gradually fade. Habits are hard to change, but instead of looking back you should think about new conditions just around the corner. If young, recently parted from your beloved, there will be a new thrill before long. Older subjects will find their burdens lighter.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]





*Scented with rare, costly French perfumes*

*... rich with beauty-giving creams*



*lavish, luxurious*

## Cashmere Bouquet

*the gentlest Beauty Soap in the world*

The unique creamy formula with its exquisite fragrance pampers your skin with a gentle beauty treatment every time you use Cashmere Bouquet soap. The rich deep cleansing lather brings your skin a youthful glow, a satin smoothness that lasts all day. Watch your skin thrive on gentle Cashmere Bouquet soap — now in the colours you love ... PINK • SKY BLUE • PRIMROSE • WHITE

*Kept fresh and fragrant in gleaming foil*



*So lavish,*

*luxurious, yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps!*

## JACKY'S DIARY

BY JACKY MENDELSON  
AGE 3 1/2



### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



### BY RUDY



## BACKACHE?

like this



Can't move without agony?

Then start a course of  
**DR. MACKENZIE'S  
MENTHOLS**

When your back feels in a vice—under stiff and sore—every move a task of pain—it is often due to deposits of acids from poisonous toxins in the blood. The wonder-drug MENTHOLS, one of the therapeutic agents in Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOLS, helps cleanse your blood of these poisons that cause ill-health. If you or yours suffer rheumatism, aching muscles and joints, neuritis, kidney and bladder weakness, constipation or hot flashes, start the MENTHOLS treatment right away. MENTHOLS, with helpful diet chart, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- every-where.

DR. MACKENZIE'S  
**MENTHOLS**



FOR 24 HOUR PROTECTION  
**ODO-RO-NO**  
STICK  
DEODORANT 5/6

## Complexions Beautified

Use the cooler months to give your skin a real peach and cream English bloom. Instead of letting the weather dry out and contract your skin this winter, use the cold to good advantage by moist oiling. Simply smooth the oil of ulan on before you make up and it will keep its protective film to the complexion the whole day through. Even on the first day, your face and neck will take on a glorious youthful bloom.

... Margaret Merrill.



Give Your Baby  
**LOVELY CURLS**  
Banish nasty cradlecap  
6 weeks treatment 4/10  
**Curlypet**

LIKE  
WALKING ON  
PILLOWS

**DeScholl's  
AIR-PILLO'  
INSOLES**  
\*Reg. Trade Mark

Place your feet in these foam-filled, heavenly soft, soothing insoles made of Schotex—hygienic, air-circulating foam. Only Scholl has it! 17 per cent. Men's & Women's, at Chemists, Grocers, Shoe dealers, Scholl depots.

**TEENA** *lilla Terry*



## Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **PRINCESS NARDA** have returned to Earth from the planet Magna, where they were guests of the Emperor Magnon and his wife, Carola. On landing in a space ship they were accosted by the Chief of Police and questioned about their adventures.

However, the effects of **PROCESS N9X** prevent their recounting any stories concerned with the Galaxy. As Mandrake and Narda gaze at the picture of baby Nardaka, they little knew that a new adventure awaits them right in the centre of a busy city. **NOW READ ON:**



To wake  
fresh and  
fit...



It's marvellous  
what a difference

**MILO**  
makes!



N413/58

The family's right on top of the world this morning. Everyone gets a marvellous wake-up lift from a regular Milo "night-cap." This delicious, chocolate-flavoured health drink is a blend of country milk, malted cereals, health-giving vitamins and essential minerals. Milo revitalises you while you sleep... enables you to wake up fresh and fit. Drink Milo tonight. Wake fresh and fit.

NESTLÉ'S  
**MILO**  
TONIC FOOD





# WAKE UP and SMILE...



## with an early morning cup of Bushells Tea!

When your alarm rings tomorrow, have an "early morning" cup of Bushells Tea and see what a difference it makes to the way you feel. A good hot cup of Bushells Tea wakes you up, makes you feel better. It's the pleasant step from bed to breakfast that gets the whole family off to a good start. Try it tomorrow morning and see what a difference it makes to your day.

# Bushells

The Tea of Flavor



*Picked from the top  
of the tea bush*